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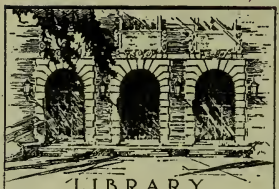

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CALTHORPE;

OR,

FALLEN FORTUNES:

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE MYSTERY; OR, FORTY YEARS AGO.

"We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can, and will, assist you."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821.

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PREFACE.

THE success of "The Mystery; or, Forty Years Ago," has induced its author thus early to appear before the public a second time. It was by many thought that a Preface ought to have been given with the former novel, to state that many of its details were not fictitious. One is supplied here for an opposite reason. The author is anxious it should be known that the following scenes (certain facts connected with the war in Saxony excepted), have no foundation in fact. The characters are ima-

ginary; and the Lord Mayor, the Coroner, and other personages mentioned, are sketched without the slightest reference to the individuals who filled those situations, at the period which is identified with the incidents of the novel.

The little poem, in the first volume, was originally sent to the publication from which it is represented to be read. It was thence copied into several journals — in some inaccurately. This has induced the author to reclaim it here.

CALTHORPE;

OR,

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER I.

" There is nothing more certaine than death, nothing more uncertaine than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better."

WARWICK's *Spare Minutes.*

PURSUING one of the delightfully pleasant walks which adorn the banks of the Thames, in the vicinity of Richmond, Mr. Burleigh and his son Henry were on a summer's afternoon admiring the beautiful associations, which the varied efforts of nature and art there present to the view, when a person running hastily up

to them, accosted the father in these words:

"My dear Sir, why did you run away the instant the jury gave their verdict?"

"Because, Sir, my duty was performed, and the result known to the parties most concerned in it."

"But we can't spare you Sir, yet. — How admirably you cross-examined that rascal! We dine together to commemorate our victory; your company is particularly requested, and I have been dispatched in a chaise-and-four to fetch you from your retirement. The parties all declare, that they cannot do without you. Come Sir, — the chaise is waiting; let us join them with all expedition. Your son too, we shall be proud to see him of the party."

Mr. Burleigh replied, "I am flattered by the attention of my late clients, and happy to find that my humble efforts have afforded them satisfaction; but their obliging invitation I must decline."

" O! really, Sir, it will damp the spirits of the whole company if you are absent."

" I hope not Sir; but on this occasion I must be excused."

The invitation was repeated; arguments in favour of Mr. Burleigh's accepting it were urged with all the eloquence the speaker could command; but in vain: Mr. Burleigh continued politely to decline, and the other at length took his leave, regretting his failure, but promising that the health of the victorious advocate should be drunk in bumpers with three-times-three.

As he departed, Mr. Burleigh heaved a deep sigh, and he gazed on Henry for some moments in silence.

On this, his only son, the eye of Mr. Burleigh might dwell with that exalted pleasure, which a fond father knows, when his reason tells him that the warm affection which nature planted in his heart, has not been unworthily called

forth; and when the object of his love, awake to all the indulgences it has received, is proud to respond to them with unaffected gratitude.

Their union was indeed very different from that which is commonly seen. Mr. Burleigh had married while yet a young man, and retained so lively a recollection of the follies of his childhood, that, without tolerating errors which it was his duty as a parent to repress, he had so tempered reproof with reasoning, and chastisement with kindness, that the youth stood corrected without suspecting that harshness or undue severity had any share in the remonstrance made, or the punishment awarded. That system which, throwing the son at an immeasurable distance from the father, is supposed to be essential to the regulation of a family, by men of austere manners, and by those who become parents in the decline of life, when all that was good in their tempers has been worn out, and all sympathy

for youth absorbed in sour repinings at the accumulating infirmities of age, had never met with the approbation of Mr. Burleigh. In him, Henry saw, not the stern foe of his pleasures, but the liberal patron, and occasionally the partner of his sports; in Henry, the father found, not the irreclaimable and repining rebel against his authority, but an ardent, admiring, and devoted friend, ever ready to yield prompt obedience to his mandate, and anxious, if possible, to anticipate his bidding.

The melancholy expressed in his father's countenance, immediately after gaining a cause, in which he had much interested himself, surprised Henry, and he could not refrain from enquiring why he was thus affected.

"I am sad," he replied, "reflecting that the same incident which gives to one party unbounded joy, overwhelms another with indescribable agony. The defendant, in the action just terminated,

was in court when the jury returned their verdict. He heard the words which announced his utter ruin, and his dark and full eyes threw from beneath the black and overgrown arches which surmount them, a glance—a terrific glance, of maddening anguish and irrestrainable fury. They fell on me, and in that moment I recognised one whom I had not seen for many years, whom I had supposed to be dead, and who, in early life, considered me, though without just cause, to be his enemy."

"But you have no personal interest in the termination of this law-suit."

"And therefore, to this unhappy man, the zeal with which I espoused the cause of my client from a sincere conviction that he was right, will appear the offspring of malignant hostility, and aggravate the misery which he at present feels. I have directed my clerk to seek his residence."—

"With a view of assuring him that you acted from no private feelings of a

resentful character, and of offering him relief?"

"No, Henry; the assurance would not obtain credence, and the offer of assistance would be spurned as an insult. My object is to find out his abode, that I may do something to console him, without letting him know to whom he stands obliged."

"That will be true generosity. At some future period he will know your kindness, and do justice to your motives."'

"We must not calculate upon that: men who know the world ought to make up their minds to endure, though not to deserve, reproach. The circumstance which I have just mentioned makes me regret, (as I have often done before,) that ever the profession of the law became mine. It is melancholy to reflect, that doing our duty to one man, we must speak daggers to the heart of another. This leads me to a subject on which we

have frequently conversed, and on which I think we ought now to come to a decision. You have just completed your twentieth year; and, as yet, no plan for your future life has been chalked out. For this I blame myself, as I must confess, that I have hitherto been but too much inclined to postpone the moment of our parting, which must follow close upon that which witnesses our final determination. It is true, that with the moderate means I possess, it is not absolutely necessary that you should devote yourself to a profession, as I was obliged to do in my younger days; but still, a life of indolence is not to my taste, and I flatter myself it is not more to yours. Though the rich and the high-born naturally exult in the possession of wealth transmitted to them through a long line of illustrious ancestors, yet, in my opinion, no possessions, no distinctions, are so pregnant with enjoyment, as those which a man feels he owes to his own exertions."

"In this sentiment I participate; and, honourably as your property has been acquired, I should be unwilling to enjoy a part of it, without making an effort to add something, as the produce of my own industry."

"Now, at the bar, though I have been so fortunate as to obtain an independence, I do not think it opens a very favourable prospect for a young man of integrity and spirit. That I made my way as I did, was owing to accident rather than to talent, or to the certain encouragement given to industry. I know many respectable men, and sound lawyers too, who hardly make enough by their profession to find themselves in wigs, gowns, and chambers; while a few flashy, flimsy spouters carry all before them, and are eternally blockaded in their houses by clients, whom they are too insolently arrogant to see, yet who, after all, possess so little true independence, that a judge can at any time frown

away in an instant, the cause brought forward by their advice."

"It is not with these that I should wish to be associated."

"No, nor with the pitiful sycophantic tribe beside them, who sit, through a long forenoon, in a fever of expectation, that their courteous grimaces may at last be requited with a nod from an Attorney-general, or a look of gracious condescension from the bench."

"Why then, Sir, I fear we must give up the law."

"From what I have been able to see of your disposition, it never struck me that you would be able to devote yourself to it with that zealous application, which can alone, under the most favourable circumstances, command success; — that success on which a man in his declining days might reflect with honest pride. That you might make a showy speech, that would read very well in the newspapers, is extremely probable; but,

when it is considered, from certain celebrated examples before us, how little intellect will accomplish this; where a man is content to be the slave of tinkling sounds, foolish figures, and laborious antitheses, you, I am sure, would not feel very anxious to acquire the reputation of a legal orator."

"No, Sir, I should be sorry to have some of the unmeaning compilations, recently given to the public as speeches, reported to have been uttered by me."

"And I should not like to see you obliged, as I have been, to found your hopes of comfort on the litigation and injustice of your fellow-creatures. With the same feelings, when I have thought of physic, — or of the army and navy —"

"The combination is happy. You would not like your son to take his stand among the *destroyers* of mankind."

"Perhaps, I am ridiculously fastidious; but I could wish to see you in a situation, in which it would be your in-

terest to desire the prosperity and well-being of all the world; rather than in one, which might give you fame and fortune, growing out of ruin, calamity, or death."

"And what course, then, upon mature reflection, is that which you would have me prefer?"

"I would direct your attention to commerce; and this I would the rather press on your attention, as, at this time, I have an opportunity of placing you in the house of an acquaintance, (I speak of Mr. Hanson,) who, from very low beginnings, has risen to opulence, by industry and talent. He is, perhaps, a little too much elated with his success; a little too fond of talking of himself; but these are things to be endured; and I can almost say, I enjoy them in a trader exulting over honest triumphs."

"Am I, then, Sir, to understand, that to commerce you would turn my thoughts for the time to come."

" Even so. If you feel any strong objection to the course that I would recommend, state it freely at once, before any advance has been made from which it might be difficult or unpleasant to recede."

" Far from having any objection to the calling of a merchant, it is, as I am bound to believe your sagacity and kindness have already discovered, that which, of all others, I feel most inclined to prefer. To be made intimately acquainted with the products of every clime, and to be actively engaged, with the representatives of every people on earth, in the meritorious work of exchanging, against the superfluous bounty of nature in one hemisphere, the varied means of enjoyment and comfort, which labour and skill may create in another, will appear to me as honourable, and certainly a more agreeable occupation, than devoting my days to the lovers of litigation; to incessant

attendance on disease, or the most victorious career in the work of death."

"In all professions there are some evils. It too frequently happens, that the man of commerce, carried away by the love of enterprise, becomes a desperate speculator, and practices, from which honour and sensibility would recoil seem justified to him by the single circumstance, that they promise to be profitable."

"I am aware of this, Sir; but hope I shall always remember, that opulence, though a good, is not the greatest of the numerous blessings to which mortals may aspire."

"And, that attained so completely, that avarice and ambition can desire no more; it is worthless — absolutely worthless, if a blameless conscience be not preserved to fit its possessor for enjoyment. The inconveniences of poverty are great, but the sufferer has, at least, the satisfaction of knowing, that they must be short.

A few years, and it will be of little importance to him, whether he drank wine or water; whether he reclined under a superb canopy, or sought a lodging in some unguarded cattle-shed; whether he rode at ease in his chariot, or painfully dragged his crippled limbs after a pair of crutches."

"But I fear, Sir, it is no easy task to discipline the mind so as to preserve this consciousness of the temporary character of pain and distress, under the immediate pressure of calamity."

"Unquestionably there are moments when the sudden throb of anguish may surprise our weakness, but these will be but of short duration where reflection does its duty. The multitude are not aware how much the present is made up of the past, and the future. To enjoy the time being, on an enlarged scale, agreeable recollections, and cheering hopes must lend their bland influence. Without these, a brief delirious transport

may be known, but no solid tranquil delight. What can memory furnish, and what can hope supply, to bless his declining day, who, in youth and manhood, has devoted all his energies to a career of irrational, heartless dissipation; and who, sinking beneath the pains of protracted years, tremblingly shrinks from the contemplation of the rapidly approaching crisis, which must usher his unprepared spirit into the awful presence of his long-forgotten Creator.

> " In that dread moment how the frantic soul,
> Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
> Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
> But shrieks, alas ! in vain."

" That moment is, indeed, awful, even to those who have best performed their duty."

" I know not why it should be so. When fatigued, we shudder not at resigning ourselves to slumber for a few hours. These frequent and incessant interruptions of existence, I could almost suppose

designed to relieve us from vain terrors. Why should we shrink from the longer, more than from the shorter period of repose, which exhausted nature craves. The same mighty arm that guards us while we sleep, can protect us in death. I am not so presuming as to think that I have no sins to answer for; but really I do not — I cannot feel that dread of death, which many cherish to embitter life. I am sustained by a cheering confidence that, entering on an immortal state, I may expect my errors, though many, will not prove such as to provoke eternal wrath; and I sometimes dare to persuade myself that I shall but return to an indulgent Parent, to receive his chastening rebuke, and to enjoy his benignant smile."

"Distant be that day. Many, many happy years of earthly enjoyment are, I trust, still before you."

"I doubt not, the wish you have expressed is as sincere as it is dutiful; but,

Henry, a day must come to separate us. A very few years, — presuming man that I am! — a few years, did I say? — a few weeks, nay days, may terminate my mortal career. A tear starts in your eye. This is weakness. One of the most beneficent ordinations of Heaven decrees that I, in the course of human events, should pass from this world before you. To lament this, is to complain of the conditions on which the Deity has granted us existence."

"Forgive me, Sir, it is not so. But for me, since it is my happy lot to find my dearest friend in my father, surely I may be permitted to wish that your life and my felicity may be unusually extended; and that we may finally expire together."

"Forbid it, Heaven! Surely you would not wish to escape from life while any of its duties remain unfulfilled. That were akin to the dreadful feeling that urges weak, frantic wretches to lift their daring

hands against themselves. Whether life be conceded as a boon, or inflicted as a punishment on our refractory spirits, of this at least we may be certain, that it was not bestowed without an object; and be that object what it may, it is our duty to endeavour to preserve existence, in order that, so far as depends upon us, it may be accomplished."

"But I have not wished that my death may prematurely occur."

"And would you then wish that mine should be so mournfully deferred — that my spirit should so long be denied emancipation, that yours may be fully prepared to accompany it in its flight? If you value me, it must be for the perceptions, — for the feelings, — for the mind, that appertain to this frame; and deserted by these, as in a few years it must be, I hope Henry you would not weakly desire that I should know the miserable privilege of decaying above ground. When I can no longer be use-

ful to my fellow-creatures, or sensible of, and grateful for, the happy destiny that *has* been mine; O! then may interposing Mercy step between me and any longing, lingering love of existence that may remain, and liberate my soul from its prison."

"But still may I rationally hope that that day is remote, since you are now in the vigour of life. Time may, perhaps, prepare me for that which, at present, I tremble to contemplate."

"But, to drop this subject, and return to that on which we first conversed, you say you have no objection, but, on the contrary, have a strong inclination to embrace the profession of a merchant?"

"I have."

"Then I will write to Mr. Hanson, and tell him that you are about to accept his invitation to spend a few days in town, at the same time giving him to understand something of my future views. When you determine that a thing ought

to be done, always do it, if possible, immediately, and you will thus avoid losing time and opportunities, which you will otherwise regret when it is too late. Example, however, is better than precept, so I will go home and prepare my letter forthwith; and do you at the same time make any little arrangements you may think necessary before paying a visit to the opulent citizen."

Mr. Burleigh did, without loss of time what he had resolved to do; and Henry neglected not good advice, even though it came from a father. The letter was written and sent that night, and on the morning of the day after it had been received, with a few additional hints for the regulation of his conduct, and but a moderate sample of compliments and remembrances, considering that he was going to people who lived ten miles off, and who had not been seen for a month by the female part of the family, Henry stepped into the stage, which was then starting for London.

CHAP. II.

" One of us two must rule, and one obey;
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have ruled
Their tender husband's and their passions cooled."
WIFE OF BATH.

MR. Hanson, as Henry had been told, rose from low beginnings. He had, indeed, been somewhat lower than Mr. Burleigh supposed that he had been. When he first became known to the latter, he was the chief clerk in a mercantile house, which had the misfortune to be frequently engaged in law-suits, and the good fortune to have Mr. Burleigh to conduct them to a satisfactory conclusion. But, at that period, he had obtained a considerable elevation; for if he had thought it would not look foolish to be always

talking of himself, and had not contented himself merely with doing it very often, he might have told his friend, as he had always the good taste to call Mr. Burleigh, that his elegant person, of which he was not a little vain, had been originally displayed in putting up and taking down the shutters of a linen-draper's shop, and subsequently, as his talents began to lift him to eminence, in flourishing behind the counter, which he had at first only been permitted to approach, when, to keep up to its usual attractive polish, it required, with the duster, an extraordinary supply of what was technically called "elbow-grease."

Now, though the rich citizen owed much of his success in life to his application to business, there were other circumstances, of which Mr. Burleigh was not aware, which had materially accelerated the progress of the man of trade to wealth. One of these was, the great success with which Mr. Hanson had

contrived, in every situation in life, to administer flattery to those who where his superiors, in rank or fortune, unrestrained by that pusillanimous dread of infringing truth, which frequently operates to the prejudice of men of weaker, or at least, of differently constructed minds. This, certainly, cost his pride some pangs, which he would willingly have been spared; but for these he took excellent care to indemnify himself by insolence, to those who were not in a condition to resent it. But what more than all contributed to his present greatness, was, his marriage, with his present lady.

Mrs. Hanson, though, she might be called a lady of *high birth*, if it were not beneath the dignity of this history, to press into its service the *Joe Miller* joke, on those who have first seen the light of Heaven in a garret, was of humble origin. Her mother was a laundress, and in her younger days,

the daughter, was well acquainted with the "firstings and secondings," and other interesting processes, to which certain habiliments must be subjected, before they arrive at "*finishing off*," or "*rincing out*;" but as Miss grew up, the increasing respectability and comfort, which grew on her parents' frugality, and industry, soon taught the blooming Jemima Dabout, to look above a washing-tub. Nor did she look in vain; for Mr. Deputy Squaretoes was smitten with her youth and figure; and, after a brief courtship, the best customer of the mother, (for such he certainly was,) became the husband of the daughter. He, to be sure, was more than suspected of being on the wrong side of sixty; she, little more than seventeen: but the marriage was, nevertheless, a very happy one; and their felicity was only disturbed by one little accident, which, at the end of six months, drove the Deputy's gig, "full bang against a lamp

post," as the lady always expressed it, " bumped them both out of it," extinguished one of her eyes, and sent the Deputy, — so all his friends said, and they ought to know best, — to a much more comfortable world than this.

A widow at eighteen, she soon began to employ her remaining eye, in looking for a fit substitute for the poor, dear, dead Deputy, as, with affecting alliteration, she was wont to call him. Having given age, in the first instance the preference, she thought it but equitable, that youth should now be blessed with her charms; and her solitary sparkler, (widowed like herself,) bestowed, one day, a glance of favour on the principal clerk of Messrs. Export and Riskall. He perceived it; and, while winding up her late husband's accounts, made good use of the lever, which was to lift his fortune to its present exaltation — flattery. He deplored the death of his dear friend the Deputy, which, he remarked was, " the

more afflicting, as it separated him from his most interesting wife." *Interesting* was an excellent preliminary word. He found that it was well received, and determined to go on. The defection of her eye, and certain scarifications, then, but imperfectly healed, would have deterred a young practitioner from saying any thing on the subject of her face. Mr. Hanson, however, ventured a panegyric on it. The experiment succeeded. She was struck with his discernment; and he now grew eloquent in praise of her figure, and was absolutely in raptures, when he came to her foot. Her vanity was gratified; and she, liking the flattery, persuaded herself, that it was the man she admired, and to wind up the story after a little

"Sweet, reluctant, amorous delay,"

she again wore the blushes of a bride; and the thriving Mr. Hanson succeeded, not only to the heart of the Deputy's

widow, but to his seat in the common-council.

Fortune continued to smile, and he outstripped most of his competitors in trade. Though not remarkably intelligent where matters unconnected with business were in debate, he had about him a bustling air, which was well calculated to make ignorance pass for carelessness: he soon became one of the most eminent speakers at Guildhall, and no patriotic address could be moved without consulting Mr. Hanson.

The halo, which success and riches, commonly throw round the vulgar, introduced him and his lady into much good company. They visited those who were intimate with the Burleighs, and afterwards the Burleighs themselves. The latter recognised the Hansons as acquaintances, and the Hansons every-where called the Burleighs their friends. From the society in which they frequently found themselves, they

acquired exalted notions very fast, and the washerwoman's daughter in a short time disciplined her countenance into perfect serenity, while speaking with contempt of people of "no family."

On the morning of the day after that which brought Mr. Burleigh's letter, while this prosperous couple were at breakfast, the expected visit of young Burleigh became the subject of their conversation, and they discussed the views to which the prospect of a more intimate connection with his family gave rise, in their usual way; that is, with abundance of tender words, but not with all that cordiality of feeling, which ought to have accompanied them to give them value. In the great council of the nation, each orator, in obedience to the forms of the House, describes those of whom he would speak, as the "Noble Lord," and the "Honourable Gentleman," though the sole object of his harangue is to prove them ignoble and dishonourable. With

inconsistency not less striking in the Hanson debates, the terms, " my love," and " my dear," were bandied backwards and forwards between them, when the feelings excited, and the majority of the expressions used, had no affinity to that gentle affection, which such tender sounds, uttered with other looks and gestures might have seemed to indicate.

" My dear," said Mr. Hanson, speaking in the same key in which he usually began his speeches at the Common Council, and in fact, merely using the words " my dear," as substitutes for " my Lord Mayor"

" My dear, I suppose young Burleigh will be here this morning."

" I suppose he will, my love; and what then? You don't expect, I hope, Mr. Hanson, that I should put myself much out of the way on his account?"

" Why no, not on his account exactly, but on our own a little, my dear; for you know —"

"I only know you are very foolish, my dear, to act as you do. Before you asked any body here, you might have had the good sense to consult me."

"As to that, my love, I don't know that good sense could in any case have much to do in the way of consulting you. I believe I know how to regulate my own conduct."

"I believe you know how to make yourself ridiculous, my love."

"Then I stand in no need of assistance from you, my darling."

This sneer threw an additional brandy tint into the blazing face of Mrs. Hanson; and she responded with appropriate energy—

"If you are going to blackguard me, my dear, you had better say so at once. I see you want to quarrel with me. If you don't want my assistance now, I believe you had some occasion for it, when I condescended to marry you, my dear."

"As to that, my love, I believe your impatience to be a wife again, had more influence on your conduct than any thing like condescension. You know, whenever I saw you, there was always something said to move my pity, about 'the advantages people take where there is no man,' and the inability of 'a lone woman to obtain justice.'"

"I am sure, my dear, I did not see my own interest, when I married Mr. Hanson."

"Very well, my love, have it all your own way. I can only say, I am very sorry that, after so many years have passed, you should now discover, that, when I paid my addresses to you, I got on your *blind side*."

The last words added fuel to fire, and the glowing countenance of Mrs. Hanson, became a perfect conflagration. The eye which had escaped the fatal overthrow of the deputy, now beamed on his representative with a

refulgence very different from that with which it had in other days, cheered the clerk of Messrs. Export and Riskall. Had the flaming fulmen of Jove been entrusted to her hand in that terrible moment, the incensed lady would not have scrupled to hurl it at the head of her lord and master. In its absence, she availed herself of a cup of scalding coffee, which was dispatched with all convenient expedition, to pay her dutiful homage to the orator. He saw the danger, and one of those ready bows, which had, in other instances, essentially served him, was of prodigious use on the present occasion, as it spared his frontispiece a shock, that might have reduced the stock of eyes between him and his loving partner, from three to two.

"Take that, my dear," vociferated the female Cyclops, as the minister of her wrath quitted her hand, to shatter a looking-glass at the further end of the

room; "I see you are, still what you were, when you used to sweep and water Mr. Dimity's shop of a morning."

"I believe you are a devil incarnate, my love," he exclaimed; and would probably have gone on for some minutes in the same strain of dignified eloquence, if, unhappily, while stooping to avoid the coffee, the tea in his own cup, just poured out by the same hand,—

"Warm from the *hand*, and faithful to its fires,"

had not passed its proper limits, invaded the orator's pantaloons, and compelled him to rise, and attempt to shake off what had not yet succeeded in finding its way to his person, with such disorderly precipitation, that, with the exception of a few interjections, not of sufficient value to be here inserted, he could not give utterance to a single word. He at length recovered his tongue, and resumed the interrupted oration. The

lady, who knew how to make the most of her eye, and had succeeded in obtaining from it a very decent supply of tears, was by this time considering of finishing the scene with a fainting fit, and preparing in the usual way for that graceful and entertaining exhibition, when a *rattat* at the door materially changed the face of things. It arrested the Common-councilman's flow of language; his gentle consort postponed her swoon, and in a tone of sorrowful reproof addressed her lord.

"There! there! Here is Mr. Burleigh! A pretty situation he'll find us in!"

"Well, it is all your own doing, my dear."

"My doing! It's all your brutality, my love."

But, considering that it would be better to repair, or, at least, to endeavour to conceal the evil, than to descant on its cause at this juncture, she hastily left her

seat; collected the scattered fragments of the coffee-cup, and the fractured glass, and succeeded in depositing them behind the sofa, by the time the servant entered with information, that a gentleman had called to enquire if young Mr. Burleigh could be seen; and, who on learning that he had not yet arrived, had left a note for him.

Right glad were both the belligerents to find, that it was not the expected visitor, and that they had time to finish their quarrel. The masks of suavity and good will, which both had assumed, were promptly discarded; Mrs. Hanson did not subject her features to the fatigue of travelling all the way back to fury; but tranquilly suffered their expressions to pause at scorn. Her husband, (and the tea,) had cooled a little, and his countenance and tone had descended from rage, and were now set at indignant expostulation. He began, —

" It's very well it was not Mr. Bur-

leigh. What would he have said to find us in such a situation. I wonder how you can fly off in such a way about nothing."

"About nothing? my love! Do you call it nothing?"

"If you had but heard me speak."

"Heard you speak!" returned the lady, turning up her nose, and half closing her eye.

"Yes, my dear, heard me speak. I fancy, 'tis pretty well known that I can speak, and for two or three hours together, too."

"You might keep in that silly boast, my love. I thought you would have been sick of it, after the epigram they made on you in the newspapers, for saying the same thing at Common-council.

Hanson declared, that well he knew,
His tongue could *three* long hours run:
This may perhaps be very true;
But who could listen to him *one?*"

"As to that, my dear, I am not aware that there was any occasion for your

taking the trouble to learn off the wretched jingle you have just repeated. You never knew a public man of any eminence, who was not the subject of hundreds of such paltry squibs. I like them, and am only mortified that such things do not appear every week about me."

"Indeed!—That won't go down with me, my dear, who, for a fortnight after it came out, heard nothing but ferocious blusterings about your determination to prosecute the villain."

"But had I the experience then that I have now?—I have since put the assassin-like author of those paltry lines to shame. Did I not speak for an hour and forty-three minutes on moving for a Committee to enquire into the state of the city fire-plugs."

"Yes, my dear; but, at last, they threw cold water on your fire-plugs, and negatived your motion without a division."

"Whatever you may say now, you

held your head up high enough about it at the time ; and, at the Easter ball, did not you tell me yourself, that more people were eager to get a sight of the lady of Mr. Deputy Hanson, than of the Lady Mayoress ? — But why did you not hear me? I was merely going to tell you what my views were with respect to young Burleigh. You know his father is of a very good family, and though but a younger brother, and formerly little noticed by his grand relations, he has now become as rich as a Jew."

" Well, I know all that."

" Why then I was thinking as he wished his son to turn his thoughts to commerce, that if I could get him here, and this young fellow should fall in love with our Alexandrina, that it would be a very good match, as it would at once connect us with people of quality : and that is not all."

" What else then ?"

" Why, as Burleigh is in the House of

Commons, I could get a frank or an order to the gallery of the House, at any time for asking."

"Pooh!—And what then: do ladies ever go to the gallery?"

"No; but whenever that party, of which he is a member, and a most important one too, comes into power, by moving a loyal address, or something of that sort, it is not quite impossible that Mr. Deputy Hanson might kneel down to rise up Sir Humphrey. In other words, through this connection I may get created a Baronet, and you may become *My Lady*."

A new light broke in upon Mrs. Hanson, and her sparkler again shone with the lustre of approving kindness. She felt a little embarrassed at the course she had thought fit to pursue, now that she knew what was the nature of the communication which the Deputy had to make; but, to confess this, and to own herself in the wrong, would have been to

take a step wholly inconsistent with her general conduct towards her husband. To admit for a moment that she had been in error, though it might not have lowered her much in Mr. Hanson's estimation, was that for which she could never have pardoned herself, and for which, if the fact had in any way transpired, she must have infallibly received the severest censures of Lady Snarl, Mrs. Clatter, and the rest of a snug little coterie, of which Mrs. Hanson was a member, who passed their winter-evenings in what is considered an amicable and friendly manner, —that is, in quarrelling over a card-table; and filled up their mornings with abuse and ridicule of each other.

But, though to retract was impossible, still the disposition of Mrs. Hanson was decidedly pacific. The scheme of the Deputy was not, in her opinion, so ridiculous as many that she had known him to form; and the title of My Lady,

she was quite sure, would become her exceedingly. Then the union Mr. Hanson had projected was perfectly unexceptionable, provided it took place at a distant period. Alexandrina was almost seventeen; an age which her mother, like most young ladies, had formerly held to be quite sufficient to qualify a female for the holy state. But experience had enlightened Mrs. Hanson, and she was now no friend to such early marriages. In fact, as her figure and foot retained much of their original beauty, and her face was but little the worse for wear, she could not make up her mind to plead guilty to more than thirty, and the immediate appearance of Miss Alexandrina in the character of a wife, would have been rather at variance with her reckoning; and Mrs. Hanson had so much self-command, that she felt little impatience to be greeted with the endearing title of "Grand-mamma."

Having determined upon peace, the

lady began to "back out," as the phrase is, by enquiring why the statement of the Deputy had not been made at once, as that would have prevented words. Mr. Hanson admitted this, but threw the blame on her impatience, which had interrupted him; and she forthwith transferred it to his awkward circumlocution. In fine, not to follow them through their efforts to trace the genealogy of their rupture, and their bickerings on the subject of its origin, they, at length, came to a perfect understanding on the main point, — that it was their interest to receive young Burleigh with all possible distinction; and, their faces graced with courteous smiles, they now serenely awaited his arrival.

CHAP. III.

" This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth 'twill serve our turn as well."
COWLEY.

A THUNDERING knock was heard below.

" There he is!" said Mrs. Hanson.

" Zounds! what a stunner he has given the door," exclaimed the Common-councilman. " You may perceive the pride of family at his finger's ends."

" Hush! here he is."

The door opened, and forthwith entered, not Henry Burleigh, but Miss Alexandrina Grabwell Hanson. Her father, intent upon putting all the machinery of his plan in motion at once, had caused her to be brought from a boarding-school at Holloway that morning, while he was unfolding his great

designs. That he should have taken such a step on his own responsibility, would have been the subject of a very serious enquiry in a common way; but fraught as their minds were, at this juncture, with grand speculations, the usual forms were not strictly attended to; and the lady, finding herself sufficiently refreshed by the exercise which she had already taken, judged it unnecessary to seek any more that morning, or economically reserved this new offence for a future day, when other topics should fail.

"Ah mamma! I hope you are well, mamma. How do you do, pa?" said Alexandrina.

The father and mother greeted the daughter with the customary expressions and kiss of kindness.

"But, pa, how came you to send for me home in such a hurry? I thought I was not to leave school till midsummer."

"Why, my dear, I thought you would

like a holiday, and as we are going to have company, I determined to let you come home a little sooner."

"Who is coming, then?"

"Young Mr. Burleigh is about to pay us a visit. You remember him, of course. He is a very handsome young man; and you know he is rich."

"I don't remember much of him."

"O, you sly hussey!" exclaimed the mother. "What, you pretend you never took any particular notice of him, do you? Now don't try to deceive me. Tell the truth my dear. 'The truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed!' Always remember that. Tell me, — now speak sincerely; — did you not think him a very fine young fellow, when you danced with him at Mrs. Jiggle's ball."

"He's very well."

"What, only very well. In a year or two you will think him more than very well, or I am much mistaken," said Mr.

Hanson, with one of his most significant shakes of the head.

" It won't be the first time you have been mistaken, pa," replied Miss Alexandrina, archly glancing, first at him and then at mamma, and finally indulging in a laugh aside.

" He is arrived now, I believe," cried Mr. Hanson.

" La, my dear! how can you be so ridiculous? That was only a single knock."

" I suppose it was the porter that carries his portmanteau; for I hear something like luggage being put down in the entry."

Here the bell rung. This was a signal that Mr. Hanson was wanted.

" There, my dear, you see it is as I said: now who was ridiculous!"

With these words, he made a triumphant exit.

" I think," said Alexandrina, pa looks remarkably well."

"Yes my dear, he was never better in his life, thank God. But, indeed, nothing ever ails him: he has a remarkably good state of health."

"Dear me, mamma, you have broken your nice new looking glass; what a pity! How did it happen?"

"Why, my dear, it — the sofa was out of repair, so we ordered Mr. Trumpery to send for it and mend it, and his awkward journeyman, when it was brought home, stupidly knocked one of the feet against the glass."

The father now came in.

"Well, was it Mr. Burleigh?"

"No, but" —

"Now who was ridiculous?" inquired Mrs. Hanson?"

"But it was well; I told Tom always to ring for me when any presents came. A rascal wanted a couple of shillings for bringing a hamper from the White Horse, Fetter-lane, but I presently made him glad to take eighteen-pence."

"What presents are they?"

"Some game, or poultry, or something of that sort, from Warwick."

"What! from Mrs. Shark, the attorney's wife? I wish her presents at the bottom of the sea. I suppose she has sent me a hare, as old as Aldgate, or some of her barn-door fowls, as she calls them, with their bones sticking through their skins."

"Well, hang it, they're worth the carriage."

"Worth the carriage! Why, really, you talk like an idiot, my love! Don't you see I must go down to Billingsgate myself; for if I send any body else I shall be made to pay through the nose, to buy her a salmon, or a turbot, to send in return; or else we shall be talked about as not being like other people."

"It's unpleasant, certainly, my dear."

"Unpleasant! I wish you had the trouble of it, my dear, and then you'd say so."

"But, however, it can't be helped."

"No; but its very provoking. Now I suppose in a month or two she'll be coming to London to pay us a visit; and of course we may expect that she'll not leave behind that howling, ugly, pug-nosed little Bill. I am sure we had quite enough of them last year. That brat, is the greatest nuisance that ever came into a house. My fingers itched to beat him all the time he was here."

"She don't say any thing about coming."

"No; we shall have to pay the postage of another letter, to tell us that."

"You will answer her letter, my love?"

"I suppose I must. Yes, I'll write to her directly to tell her we are going out of town, that she may not think of coming here."

"Shall I write for you, ma?"

"Aye, do, my dear.—I'll tell you what to say; but be quick, that we may get it out of the way before Mr. Burleigh comes."

Alexandrina, having opened the desk, selected a pen, and spread out her paper, signified that she was ready to begin. Mrs. Hanson then dictated as follows:—

" My dear madam;

" Mr. Hanson and myself beg to return you our best thanks, for your very acceptable present, and request your acceptance"—

" Of what, mamma?"—

" Leave a blank there, Alexandrina; as I don't know yet what I can get. Now go on."—

" All that you were so good as to send, proved delicious. I am afraid you will not be able to say so much of the trifles now forwarded to you. We are delighted to hear you are all well."—

" No," interrupted Mr. Hanson, " that wont do; Shark is laid up with the gout."

It would be no great matter if he were in the church-yard, that I know of. Go on, Alexandrina."

" Except Mr. Shark, who, we sincerely

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hope, will shortly recover. Kiss your sweet William for me. For a long while after you left us, we were quite lost without him. We should hope to have the happiness of seeing the dear engaging little cherub*im* again, with yourself, in the course of the summer, but the state of Mr. Hanson's health is such, that by advice of his physician, he is obliged to go to the coast, and we accompany him. He, and Alexandrina desire their kindest remembrance to you, Mr. Shark, and all the little Sharks, and hoping, before many months have elapsed, that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you all in London.

"I remain, my dearest Madam,

"Your's most affectionately,

"JEMIMA HANSON."

"Well but, mamma," said Alexandrina, "you told me pa was never better in his life?"

"Well!"

"But in the letter you tell Mrs. Shark that he is so ill, that his physician has

ordered him to the coast, for the benefit of his health."

"Pooh, pooh! the girl is a simpleton! Why that's only a civil way of telling her she must not come here for a month. Nothing is ever the matter with your pa."

"No, nothing is ever the matter with me, according to your account, my dear;" said Mr. Hanson.

"Except your ill humours, my love."

"But my ill humours don't carry me quite so far, my dear, as yours did this morning, when you threw the cup of scalding hot coffee at my head, and broke the new looking glass."

"O then," said Alexandrina, "that was the way the looking glass got broke."

"You're a ninny, my love," observed Mrs. Hanson, addressing her husband, "to let that out. I, wishing to spare you, had accounted for that accident in another way to Alexandrina."

"To spare me! Come, that's a good

one, however! Whose fault was it, I should like to know?"

"Why your's; and you know it. Did you not use me like a brute, my dear; nay, worse?"

"But did not you ——"

"What, you're going on again! Since you provoke me, the truth shall come out; and then what will your daughter say?"

"The truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed," said Alexandrina; affecting great simplicity, but intending to be sarcastic.

"Yes, my dear," continued the mother, "your papa used me in such a manner — (but you know what a man he is) — that I was obliged to throw my coffee-cup at him in self-defence."

"O papa!"

"If I did say any thing unpleasant, what first caused the quarrel came from your mother. Why she told me ——"

Here the lady raised her voice; her

daughter began to cry; and the deputy, as much confounded as he had sometimes been in the court of common-council, when the sages around him chose to roar "Question, question," in the best part of his speech, was soon brought to a stand, and glad to get out of his present situation, with the remark, —

"But 'tis of no use to rip up old grievances."

"Then why do you rip them up?" enquired the lady. "Pray who began it?"

"Why you did."

"O you wicked man! There, Alexandrina; you hear what your pa says. Now what do you think?"

The struggle against the reputation of priority in the dispute was maintained with great vivacity on both sides, each yielding precedence to the other with more earnestness than good will or good manners, till Mr. Hanson judged it wise to retreat.

When he had left the room, the maternal love of Mrs. Hanson thought the present a fit opportunity to impress on the daughter, the importance of paying the most scrupulous attention to truth.

"You see, Alexandrina," said she, "what a shocking thing it is for people to let their tongues run on without caring what they say. What a parcel of stories has your pa told this morning! But what good can come of it after all? None. I always said, and will still maintain, that the truth in the end is most advantageous. In short, ——"

"The truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed," Alexandrina added, endeavouring to anticipate one sentence of the lecture.

"Right, my dear; I'm very glad you have not forgotten that. But, hark! What noise did I hear?"

"A knock at the door, mamma."

"Was it? — Hush! — Listen who it is. Do you hear any name mentioned?"

" Mr. Henry Burleigh."

" O, he's come then at last. We must mind what we say before him, as your father ——; but I'll tell you another time."

" My father is speaking to him, and they are now coming up stairs."

" Not a word, my dear, about the quarrel this morning. We must not suffer him to know any thing about our little bickerings. Be sure you don't let any thing out that we ought to keep to ourselves, as your pa does sometimes. If the shattered glass should ever be mentioned, be sure to bear in mind that it was broken by the leg of the sofa."

" Yes, mamma."

So ended the morning's lesson.

CHAP. IV.

"Love! if love's angel name be given
To the hot fury of the breast,
That fears no hell—and hopes no heaven
But that which tires its lust to rest.
And is this love? and does there live
Bold blasphemy, that dares to name
The furnace heat its firebrands give,
And seraph love's soft warmth the same!"

PHILIBERT.

We ought before to have taken some notice of the day, which immediately preceded that on which Henry left Richmond. Its history is not wholly unimportant, and shall therefore be laid before the reader without further delay.

On that day Sir James Denville made proposals in form to Mr. Burleigh for the hand of his daughter. Harriet, though but seventeen, was tall, but at the same time graceful; and if not a perfect beauty, she was so little deficient, that

the male part of Mr. Burleigh's acquaintance with one voice pronounced her to be a charming girl; and the most scrutinising critic of the other sex did not scruple to admit that she was "very well."

Sir James Denville was a baronet of high pretensions as to family. His estates were ample, but the excesses of his youth had thrown him into embarrassments, from which he could only be extricated by the judicious advice, and assistance of Mr. Burleigh. For this important service he expressed the most unbounded gratitude; and Mr. Burleigh at once exulted in having saved his friend from ruin, and reclaimed him from vice. A year or two promised to relieve him from nearly all his difficulties, and a long and happy career seemed to lie before him.

He was now closing his thirty-eighth year, when the charms of Harriet Burleigh arrested his attention. Little accustomed to restrain his desires, with him,

to see and to admire, was to determine to possess. By every means in his power he sought to win her affections, but he failed. His fine person, which had enabled him to accomplish the ruin of many an unsuspecting beauty, made no impression on the present object of his love. Though neither blind to his attractions, nor silent on his accomplishments, Harriet was unmoved by his addresses, and her heart revolted from the homage which he was solicitous to offer. Neither the splendour of his connections, nor the extent of his domains, could prevail on her reason to revoke its first decision.

Though foiled in his efforts to gain her love, Sir James did not despair of obtaining her hand; and he had become enamoured of her person to such a degree, that, provided he could secure that in the first instance, he was content to wait for love to follow. Before speaking to her father, he could have wished to be enabled to say, that pleading for his own passion, he pleaded also for that of

Harriet. But since this could not be accomplished, his resolution was taken to obtain the consent of her father to their marriage, and obedience to his mandate would, he flattered himself, incline her to view him with favour, for which, till now, he had sued in vain. He in consequence requested a private interview with Mr. Burleigh, made known his wishes, and solicited the consent of his friend to the union which he contemplated.

Mr. Burleigh was not taken by surprise. He had remarked the attentions of Sir James, and thought it right to ascertain what were the sentiments which they had inspired. The result need not be stated.

To the proposal made by the Baronet, Mr. Burleigh replied by expressing his sense of the high honour of an alliance with his family; but in the present instance he doubted whether the wishes of Sir James could ever be carried into effect. Though the difference in years was considerable, it was not so great, but

instances might be referred to that would seem in favour of such an union; yet he could not augur well of it, unless both parties were equally anxious that it should take place. For Harriet, he considered her to be too young at present, to contract a marriage under any circumstances, and he could wish, till she was more competent to judge for herself, that no attempt should be made to influence her determination.

"But, my dear Sir," cried Sir James, "can you so undervalue your own sagacity, as to believe that she will ever be more capable of forming a sound judgment on a question of such importance, than you are at this moment. Your will is her law, and it is but for you to point out the course her affections ought to take, to make them flow in the direction which her interest and her duty unite to recommend."

"I know not that, Sir James. The heart, where love is concerned, is frequently found in arms against reason."

" Then would not authority be well exerted to repress the insurgent feelings, before they acquire sufficient force, successfully to oppose the decision of wisdom ?"

" No, Sir James. That authority which is exerted to drive, where advice cannot direct, rarely fails to produce misery to all parties. When young, I enjoyed the delightful privilege of choosing for myself. That I did so, uninfluenced by what the world called interest, or by ambition, has to me proved the source of many years of felicity; and my head would not rest serenely on its pillow, if I were to deny my children the same chance for happiness which I had, and the consequences, of which, I still enjoy."

" But surely, Sir, my rank in society, and my fortune, are as high as even yourself could desire your child to look ?"

" They are; and such as would justify you in seeking a more elevated alliance."

" But still you seem to think them not sufficient for you ?"

"You mistake me, Sir James. Believe me, I view the offer you have just made, as an act of condescension on your part; but really I think Harriet too young to become a wife; and when this objection shall vanish, it will still be my earnest wish to follow, rather than to direct her choice."

"Do you then refuse?"

"Refuse sounds harshly — I merely withhold my consent. Time may possibly remove my objections."

"*You* have objections then?"

"I certainly have objections to —"

"My character. — Is it not so?"

While speaking, his eye shot a glance of rage on the father of Harriet, who, astonished at his altered manner, paused for a moment before he could reply. — The Baronet went on —

"A new light breaks in upon me. I see it all. She flies me — she fears me, she abhors me, and *you* are the cause."

"Nay; hear me, Sir James" —

"Fool that I was," he continued, "not to perceive it before! She has been made acquainted with the errors of my youth by *you*, to whom they were communicated in confidence."

"The charge is unjust. The errors of your youth are, I trust, gone for ever, with the days of your youth. By me they have never been imparted to any one; and I think there are circumstances connected with my conduct towards you, (to which I will not more distinctly allude,) which ought to prove me any thing, but the enemy of your happiness."

"That is true.—I beg your pardon, my dear Burleigh. Yes, you have been my best friend. You saved me from ruin."

"Say nothing of that."

"You rescued me from the villanous banditti, who would have made me their victim. You alone enabled me to escape."

"I merely accelerated the moment of reflection. Your own good sense could

not have failed to recall you from the dangerous path, you in an evil hour had ventured to tread. Matured reason, and your strength of mind, were more than sufficient to warn you from the haunts of gamblers."

The Baronet looked stedfastly at Mr. Burleigh, as if doubting that he had expressed his real sentiments. After a pause, he coldly replied —

"You think too favourably of me, and undervalue your own kindness."

"I speak but as I think. To retrieve your affairs — to bury the past in oblivion, it was only necessary to avoid those whom you knew would betray you to your ruin."

Sir James seemed uneasy. Again the features of Mr. Burleigh underwent a scrutiny while he uttered the words,

"Indeed! was that all?"

"So it appeared to me; and in that instance I am not aware that you have found cause to doubt my judgment."

"None, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, in a solemn tone; "I have abundant reasons for believing that the judgment was a sound one."

"I rejoice that you profited by it."

"Thank you, Sir; thank you;" said the baronet, attentively surveying the tranquil countenance of his friend. "And yet how have I profited! Where is the importance of saving a few valueless thousands, if these cannot be made conducive to happiness?"

"But why should they not? What prevents them from contributing to your comfort?"

"Ask yourself that question. My heart is fixed on your daughter; I honourably propose for her; and what is the result? Despised or detested for my former irregularities, the mark of proscription is set on me. I become an object of suspicion, and see myself studiously avoided by Harriet, and serenely rejected by you."

"Really, Sir James, you mistake."

"Would that the useless treasure — the worthless acres — the gaudy mansions that are said to be mine, were in the bottomless pit, rather than that I should thus be viewed as the possessor of the materials for happiness, without the means of deriving enjoyment from them. Why has malignant destiny set me up a mark for envy, while she has made me so wretched, that, seen as I am, I should be an object of compassion?"

"Subdue these vain repinings. Do you complain that every thing yields not to your will; you, who would have me act the despot over the inclinations of my daughter, and deny her the right of exercising her own reason, at the most interesting and most important period of her life."

"But why should her own reason, if wholly uninfluenced by the advice of others, thus oppose itself to my happiness?"

" The heart, Sir James, you have not to learn, is more frequently swayed by the impulse of strong feeling than by the cool calculations of reason."

" I am persuaded," replied the baronet, " that habitual obedience to you would induce Harriet at once to look with favour on me, if such were your mandate; and persevering attention would soon warm respect into esteem, and ripen esteem into love. Mr. Burleigh, I am no sordid lover; give your daughter to me, and I ask no fortune with her. Far from seeking this, besides renouncing whatever might belong to her, I will engage to settle on your son a sum equal to its amount, and procure his return for a borough the moment he comes of age."

" If you, Sir James, are no sordid lover, do me the justice to believe that I am not a mercenary father; and if our friendship is to continue, never, never let this proposition be repeated. I think I

am neither ambitious nor avaricious, and if I were both, I hope that I should possess too much pride, if not too much feeling, to forward my own private views by the means you suggest. I desire no wealth, no honours, for myself or for my son, of which the immolation of a daughter's happiness must pay the price."

"There, again! The immolation of her happiness you regard as the natural, the inevitable consequence, of her union with me."

"To imagine this, is to think too meanly of yourself. The sentiment I have just expressed, which, while I have life, I never shall disavow, applies to every man in the creation as much as to you."

"But it has been suggested, by my offering to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"No; it was suggested by the momentary lapse in which you did yourself

and me the injustice to suppose that your wishes might be accomplished without first obtaining the consent of their object."

"When that consent is obtained, may I calculate that I shall meet with no opposition from you? Do you make me that promise?"

"Surely," replied Mr. Burleigh, "it would now be premature to promise any thing. When that which you contemplate shall have been effected, it will then be sufficiently early, to take into consideration the question on which you would have my decision."

"Do you think so meanly of me, then, that you will not promise even what I now presume to hope?"

"Sir James, I hold a promise sacred; and my professional habits have made me but too well acquainted with the fatal effects of promises rashly given. Withholding what you now require, I mean no disrespect to you, but I must

make so free as to say, I should be more ready to venture a promise, were there less impetuosity on your part; for really, to speak without reserve, this feverish impatience is more characteristic of a temporary passion, than of that rational affection, which alone deserves the name of love."

"Really, Sir, you carry this too far. Others, who are not *your* inferiors in rank or fortune, would be less cautious when Sir James Denville presented himself as a suitor."

"Others must seek their happiness, and protect their comforts as they can; but it is my duty to exercise the powers of reason and discrimination which God has given me, such as they are, for the benefit of my offspring."

"And these you scruple not to oppose" —

"To you, Sir James, — to the most exalted peer in the realm; nay, to majesty itself, where the happiness of my

child is at stake. In the exercise of the rights of a free citizen, I know no fear, and will be restrained by no considerations of personal respect, from endeavouring to merit the character which I hope will follow me to my grave, — that of a just man, and a rationally indulgent parent."

Sir James paused. He had not expected opposition from Mr. Burleigh. His former kindness, and his present impracticability, he knew not how to reconcile; for he flattered himself that he knew the world too well to mistake the way to a father's heart; and with all the generosity and humanity that belonged to Mr. Burleigh, he had still viewed him as a man of the world. He soon recovered from his surprise, so far as to applaud the manly candour of his friend. He, however, declared that he would not hold himself to be rejected. On reflection, he doubted not, various considerations would occur to Mr. Bur-

leigh to sustain his pretensions. He finally remarked, with an air of sportive menace, that he should now reverse the intended course of his proceedings, and, as in the first instance, he had proposed to engage the father to plead for him with the daughter, he would now give the latter the preference, and, as he hoped, before a very long period had elapsed, prevail upon Harriet to advocate the cause of his love with her parent; and certain he was, that the eloquence of her eyes would be found irresistible.

CHAP. V.

" Such as have lean and spare bodies stuff themselves out with clothes; so they who are defective in matter, endeavour to make amends with words."

MONTAIGNE's *Essays.*

HENRY met with a most cordial and flattering reception, from the Hanson's. Smiles graced every face. Mrs. Hanson's countenance retained no trace of that fury which had lighted it up an hour before, when *handing* a cup of coffee to the Deputy. The " my dears," and " my loves," were exchanged with the most captivating suavity, and the gentle deportment of her amiable parents communicated itself to Miss Alexandrina, who failed not to respond to their endearments, with " Yes, my dear papa," and "certainly, my dear mamma." Henry

had rarely ever witnessed such family kindness before; for at home, where the truest affection existed, the formalities of its language were somewhat neglected.

Proper care was taken to exhibit all the accomplishments of Alexandrina to the greatest advantage. Her music, her drawings, and her needle work, were successively called upon to charm the young visitor. Miss Hanson, though a showy girl, was rather too conscious of her personal attractions, to make a very powerful impression on Henry, whose eyes had been accustomed to repose on the brighter charms, and on the retiring loveliness of Harriet. He, however, found her affable and obliging, and the welcome he met with, inspired him with very favourable thoughts of the whole family, while the splendid entertainments which each succeeding day produced, filled him with astonishment and admiration at the

brilliant destiny of a British merchant. His wishes were studied in every respect. In the morning, when he began to move, a valet, who was on the watch, presented himself at the door of his elegantly furnished bed-chamber, to know if he had any commands, and the same attentions pursued him through the day, even to such a pitch, that Henry, who had been accustomed to wait upon himself, found the kindness of his friends a positive inconvenience. They could not endure the thoughts of going to any place of public entertainment unaccompanied by young Mr. Burleigh. He was of their parties to the play—the opera—the masquerade, and he participitated in all their other public and private entertainments.

But of all the treats prepared for him, none promised Henry more gratification than an expected introduction to the then Lord Mayor of London, who was as great a patriot as Mr. Hanson himself,

and who had lately been chosen the champion of the rights and liberties of his fellow-citizens in parliament.

Henry was informed, that his lordship had expressed a wish to see the son of Counsellor Burleigh. And the condescension of the chief magistrate went so far, that the day after this intimation was received, he actually called to pay his respects to Henry.

From the speeches which he had seen of Sir Robert Boobyhead in the public prints, our hero was prepared to meet a very dignified personage. The feelings of reverential awe, with which Henry had approached the Lord Mayor, were soon no more. He found him a shallow coxcomb, so elated with the situation he degraded, that he could think of nothing, talk of nothing but himself. He had only called on the present occasion to make a pompous parade of condescension, while he expected to dazzle the young stranger.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr.

Burleigh," said his Lordship, "I hope I shall shortly have the pleasure of your company at the Mansion House. Use no ceremony, I beg. I keep a slate on which every gentleman must write his name, who proposes to honour me with his company on any particular day. Mr. Hanson will tell you what the rule is as to number. I am partial to small snug parties. My intimate friends the Duke of Gobbleshire, the Earl of Garbage, and Mr. Prattle, the member for Chatterton, you will generally meet there, and many others.

"The first ornaments of the age!" added Mr. Hanson: "your lordship must be exceedingly happy in such society."

"I dare say," remarked Henry, "his lordship finds this one of the most valuable privileges of his exalted situation."

"I do, Mr. Burleigh, I am sure. Perhaps there can certainly be no greater pleasure enjoyed. But for the

support I derive from the conversation of enlightened men, I am sure, perhaps, that certainly I could not go through all the duties of the office I have the honour to hold."

"Why it of course brings its cares."

"You are right, Mr. Hanson. Unquestionably it brings cares which certainly you perhaps are not altogether in part aware of. The office of chief magistrate, is undoubtedly one of great labour."

"And difficulty too," Mr. Hanson remarked, endeavouring to improve on his lordships description.

"Aye, and of danger," his lordship proceeded, improving even on the addition of Mr. Hanson. "No ordinary share of courage is undoubtedly necessary, perhaps, to go through with the business."

"For services like yours, you ought to have received the thanks of both Houses

of Parliament, and been created a Baronet, at least."

"Why so I should, under any administration that wished to serve the country; but unquestionably perhaps, I'm sure I ought not to look for any thing from the present corrupt set. My opposition in parliament, you see, is against me."

"Against them, I presume, your Lordship means," said Henry.

"No, I mean it's against myself, as far ——"

"As far as his Lordship's private interests are concerned," said Mr. Hanson. "Now do you understand."

"Clearly," replied Henry. "I am quite satisfied that the hostility of his Lordship may be more injurious to himself, than to the administration he feels it his duty to oppose."

"Yes," continued the Lord Mayor; "Ministers have suffered so severely from the dressings I have given them in

the House, that they oppose me in every thing. There was last year, now, just before Christmas, I undertook to show the poor of the metropolis that coals were of little or no use in winter."

"Indeed!"

"I proved that by making balls to consist of seven-eighths of clay, and one-eighth of coals; that a peck of coals (with economy), might be made to serve a poor family a month."

"That was an important discovery."

"Yet, for proposing this, I was taunted in the ministerial prints, and told that I had better teach the poor to sweeten their tea with brick-dust, and recommend it to them to use soft-soap instead of butter."

"Shameful! Shameful! — I am a friend to the liberty of the press, but this licentiousness ought to be repressed."

His Lordship, after a few more anecdotes of himself, said he must retire, as he had to take the chair at a public

meeting of a society for the relief of persons confined for small debts. He spoke with animation of the horrors of a system which went to incarcerate, though but for an hour, the innocent; and departed, after enhancing the value of the call he had made, by declaring that, to gratify the impatience he had felt to see young Mr. Burleigh, he had remanded half a dozen prisoners, who were to have had their hearings that day, till the ensuing Thursday.

The attention of Henry was soon called to other persons of wealth and importance in the city. Intent upon making him acquainted with all their great connections, and of displaying their future son-in-law, a succession of amusements were prepared for him. Henry, gratified by the attentions he received, could not but admire the warm-hearted liberality of his city friends, and feel sincerely attached to such worthy people.

But it was not by such means only that

they endeavoured to win the admiration of Henry. The display of their virtues was carefully directed against his judgment. Not only were they all harmony among themselves, but their benevolence extended to external objects, and the often-repelled beggar no longer supplicated in vain for a mouthful of broken victuals, and a halfpenny.

"Look at that poor creature!" said Mrs. Hanson, one day when they were just returned from a walk, as a wretch in a sailor's jacket presented himself, with toasting-forks for sale. "His leg has been amputated, and, poor fellow! he has lost an eye. It would be a charity to buy something of this man."

The sensibility of Mrs. Hanson went to the heart of Henry, and he admired her none the less, when, forgetful of her dignity, and the state she usually maintained, he saw her hasten to make a purchase. But Mrs. Hanson, while making a charitable display, did not forget

that she had a character for mercantile sagacity to maintain. Though the cripple asked but a low price for his merchandise, a price much below what she must have paid at a shop; she failed not to tell him that she knew where she could buy plenty for half the money, and a vast deal better than his into the bargain; and, professing to have no want of the article, she was disposed to purchase, it appeared to her just and liberal, to bid the sailor much less than the sum which he had named.

The poor man was going away. She called to the porter to run after him, observing, she must pay double what he had asked, if she went to a shop.

At that moment the sailor returned, and tendered the article for the sum which had been offered. He solemnly declared, that it had cost him more, but he was going to his home without money, and was obliged to sell at a loss or starve.

The lady triumphantly carried her

prize up stairs, followed by Henry, who had heard rather more of the negociation which had been just concluded than was intended.

On entering the dining-room Henry found himself introduced to a Mr. Pierrepoint, a young man but little older than himself, who had been placed with Mr. Hanson, as it was proposed Henry should be, to acquire a knowledge of commercial matters. Pierrepoint occasionally travelled for the concern, and had now just returned from Lisbon. Henry was struck by the powerful expression of his features; and it was impossible not to regard him as handsome, though an air of sullen discontent sat on his countenance, that was hardly mitigated, when the polite address of Henry called upon him for a courteous reply.

The lady expressed satisfaction at his return; but, with all her anxiety to appear affable, it was sufficiently obvious that she would have been nothing

grieved had he been longer away. Pierrepoint received her congratulations with a coolness, that admirably accorded with her indifference; and to the languid assertion, that she was glad to see him in safety, he merely replied —

"I thank you, madam."

A pause followed. The mind of Henry was so much engrossed, by the unprepossessing manner of Pierrepoint, that he was unconscious of the silence that prevailed, and made no effort to interrupt it. Mrs. Hanson was the first to attempt this, and the fork she had just purchased seemed a fit instrument to effect a renewal of conversation. Assuming a lively air, she presented it to the newly arrived traveller, accosting him in these words,

"What do you think of my purchase? I bought this just now at the door for three shillings. I'll be bound, it could not be matched in the shops for less than a crown."

"O! it was you that I heard at the door, was it? I should have thought you might have trusted your maid on such an occasion."

"Yes, but while ringing for her, the poor seller might have walked away, and I thought it a charity to buy of an unfortunate man, who had lost a limb in the service of his country."

"If," said Pierrepoint, his features suddenly relaxing into a smile, "you went to perform a benevolent action, that is quite another matter. It seems a very good one."

"He wanted four shillings for it, but I would not give him more than three," the lady exultingly added, forgetting, in her eagerness to gain the praise of a skilful dealer, that she was a candidate for the applause due to benevolence.

"You bargained well!" Pierrepoint remarked.

"I think I did."

" And your charity, it seems, manifested itself, in grinding down the unfortunate wretch you affected to pity."

" He was glad to part with it so."

" But you should have scorned to take it so, if your object in buying was to mitigate the sufferer's distress. I am much inclined to think there would have been less cruelty in snatching it from his basket, while his head was turned another way; for then he would not have been mocked and insulted, as well as wronged."

" Wronged !" echoed the lady, and her eye glistened with fires, which had never before been kindled, since the arrival of Mr. Burleigh — " Wronged, indeed ! — Really, Mr. Pierrepoint, whatever you may be pleased to think, you might express yourself in decent language, if not on my account, out of respect for Mr. Burleigh."

" I cannot think as I please, madam. My thoughts are forced on me, and my tongue has too much honest laziness to

fatigue itself in framing courtly phrases, to describe ignoble conduct. I love to call a spade a spade. For Mr. Burleigh, he can hardly expect that his presence is to impose restraint upon me. I meant no reflection on him; for I did not suspect him to be your accomplice."

"Accomplice!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, "who do you call an accomplice?"

"No one; I dare say Mr. Burleigh did not assist you in the transaction."

"I do not know, Sir," interrupted Henry, "that you have any right to speculate on my conduct."

"I do not speculate on it."

"To me it appears that you do."

"That is your mistake. I speak from a knowledge of facts, supplied within the last three minutes."

"You can have learnt nothing here, within the period you have mentioned, that affects my conduct."

"You are again in error, for the poor plundered cripple has just hopped into

the middle of the road, to thank me for half-a-crown that he has in his hand, which your pity must have sent after him."

Henry's face was covered with a deep blush. He advanced to the window, as if to look for the sailor, but in reality to conceal his confusion. The retiring object of his benevolence was still endeavouring to manifest his thankfulness. He felt not a little embarrassed how to answer, as it was impossible to deny what had just been imputed. He at last replied that he did not feel it necessary to enter into any explanation, for the satisfaction of Mr. Pierrepoint.

"I want none," said Pierrepoint. "You have had the virtue to do a good action, and are weak enough, from politeness to a lady, to be ashamed of it."

"That," retorted Henry "may be your opinion; and I feel no anxiety to disturb it, for I cannot entertain a very sincere respect for the sentiments of a man, who

can so rashly undertake to pronounce on the actions and motives of a perfect stranger."

Pierrepoint looked haughtily at Henry, and coldly replied,

"Be it so; your respect is not wanted."

With these words he left the room.

Mrs. Hanson forthwith took upon herself the delineation of his character. She described him to owe every thing to the benevolence of the Deputy her husband, whom, nevertheless, he was in the habit of treating with very little ceremony. Being of low origin, he did not know how to behave himself in good company, — though, to be sure, he could sometimes be very polite if he pleased; yet for the most part, he was very unpleasant, and cared not whom he affronted.

CHAP. VI.

" Aye, Aye, these words of his, move me as much
As though a goose should play the porcupine;
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast."
MARLOW.

MRS. HANSON did not deviate so far from her confirmed habits, as to give a perfectly correct description of Pierrepoint. Though sometimes very deficient in courtesy, it was not true that he depended on the charity of those in whose employ he found himself. Far from owing any thing to the sheltering benevolence of the Hansons, they were greatly his debtors, as the address and intelligence, with which he had managed the most important mercantile negociations, in which Mr. Deputy Hanson had been engaged,

had given that person more thousands, than the agent had ever received hundreds, from the liberality of the patriotic Common-councilman. His services were still absolutely necessary, and Mr. and Mrs. Hanson were too sensible of his value to have any wish to part altogether; happy as they were, from his unconciliating conduct, to be relieved from the inconvenience of his company on certain occasions.

After Henry had been introduced to all the quality of the city, Mr. Hanson thought it necessary to give a further proof of the gentility of his habits, by proposing a trip to Brighton. Such an excursion, in the company of those from whom he had experienced so much kindness, could not be disagreeable, and Henry, without loss of time, solicited permission to accept the pressing invitation he had received to accompany them. This indulgence was promptly accorded by his father, who, however, failed not

to remind him that he must not mistake his present course of pleasures for the life of a merchant, and look forward to a constant repetition of the same enjoyments, while engaged in the anxious and harassing pursuits of commerce.

But Henry observed, and with secret admiration recorded the fact in his memory, that while preparing for pleasure, Mr. Hanson did not suffer it wholly to engross his mind to the exclusion of more important considerations. Indeed, every thing, that he had as yet seen, went to give Henry a very high idea of the discriminating character of Mr. Hanson, as well as of his liberality. On one occasion when he mentioned to the Deputy, something of the wishes and views of his father, with respect to himself; and remarked that he was quite certain money would be no obstacle in the way of their coming to an arrangement, from which he might be permanently benefited by the commercial knowledge of Mr. Han-

son; the latter felt exceedingly hurt at the mention of any thing that sounded like remuneration. Money, he declared, was totally out of the question, but if he could do any thing to serve or gratify the son of his esteemed friend Mr. Burleigh, it would afford him real happiness; and he most energetically called upon Henry to do justice to his motives, and to believe that he was solely actuated by the feelings he professed — that good will was with him all in all, uncontaminated by the base alloy of interest.

All this passed for real friendship with Henry. The anxiety of his father to save him from the vitiating examples spread for youth on every side, had brought him up in such a state of seclusion from the world, that he was ready, with all the fervent generosity of youth, to believe men what they seemed, and what they ought to be. He felt the highest respect for Mr. Hanson, and was only embarrassed, because he could not im-

mediately find any way of manifesting the gratitude which filled his bosom.

Such were the young gentleman's feelings, arising out of the conduct of Mr. Hanson towards himself; but he was wrought up into a perfect glow of admiration, when he found that the kindness of that philanthropist, far from being confined to him, was not even bounded by the limits of his native land; but, passing over oceans, extended itself to climes the most remote, and seemed to clasp all mankind in its embrace. He accompanied the Deputy one day to the Common-council chamber, and there had the pleasure of hearing him speak on a motion respecting the abolition of the slave-trade. The energy with which he condemned the conduct of those who endeavoured to perpetuate a traffic in human flesh and blood, though it had not all the imposing eloquence which Henry had been taught to admire in the *Oratio in Verrem*, had still much that he ap-

proved, and even some inaccuracies of language which he remarked, gave it increased value, as they seemed to prove it the unstudied tribute of sensibility to humanity. The earnestness with which he appealed to the finer feelings of his audience, in behalf of the sable sufferers of unhappy Africa, carried to the heart of Henry the fullest conviction that the orator was sincere; and he could not help feeling indignant, when, turning his head, he saw Pierrepoint with his handkerchief raised to his face, to conceal the agitation of his risible muscles, while scornful laughter seemed ready to burst on every sentence which the patriot uttered. Too much disgusted to seek any familiarity with a character in which such littleness and malice seemed united, he did not appear to see him; and when the debate was over, he took the arm of Mr. Hanson, without exchanging one word with the churl, who had treated with levity a speech, which, if it were

only for its subject, was entitled to be listened to with attention and respect.

After dinner, that day, the proceedings at the court of Common-council were brought on the *tapis*, and Mrs. Hanson and Alexandrina listened with greedy ears to the brilliant history of the part acted by the Deputy in the debate, which he did not scruple to say electrified the whole court; for the Lord Mayor, at its close, had assured him that "he was sure he thought it was certainly perhaps one of the best speeches ever heard within those walls."

Henry could not but assent to the truth of the assertion, that it seemed to make a strong impression on the members; and he admired the ingenious modesty of Mr. Hanson, which seemed to content itself with taking credit for the weakest parts of his oration, which, by the bye, Henry had remarked, obtained most applause, while the speech was in the course of delivery.

" They cheered me enough, however, to-day," said Mr. Hanson. He threw out this observation, intending that, like the first ball in a game at billiards, it should entice another to follow.

" When I talked of the melancholy sound of clanking chains, they were all attention; and so they were when I brought in the figure of the earthquake."

" But I thought that the most forcible part of your speech, in which you asserted the claim which all suffering beings have to the humane interference of their fellow men who are in happier circumstances."

" Aye, that was the best part," remarked Pierrepoint, in a sarcastic tone, which somewhat embarrassed Henry, as he was not quite certain whether the sneer was intended for him or for Mr. Hanson.

Mr. Hanson went on to refresh Mr. Burleigh's memory on other points.

" When I spoke of the foaming ca-

taract, too, I thought their cheers would never have subsided."

"Why, then, it seems you had even a meaner opinion of the understanding of your audience than was justified by the event," Pierrepoint added.

"Did you think well of the speech upon the whole, Mr. Burleigh," the Deputy next enquired; while, for the first time he glanced at Pierrepoint, as if curious to ascertain how he would bear the compliment he expected.

"I think," Henry replied, "that it contained much exceedingly good matter, which more than excused the little inaccuracies of arrangement or of expression that were here and there to be detected, and the zeal with which you espoused the cause of the unhappy, ought to disarm criticism itself, and entitle you to the applause of every feeling heart."

Pierrepoint's countenance now wore an aspect of merriment; and he looked first at the Deputy, and then at the wife

and daughter of the orator, as if he expected the trio would forget their gravity at the simplicity of Henry.

"Well," said he, "if Mr. Burleigh likes it, that's enough."

"Why now really, Mr. Pierrepoint, I should like to know what you have to say against it," said Mr. Hanson.

"What I should have to say might take up too much of your valuable time."

"I am sorry you have not the happy art, which you have sometimes been forward enough in recommending others to acquire, of expressing a great deal in a few words. — Come, let us have your opinion. Pray what do you think of 'the Speech.'"

"Nothing."

"Surely, Sir," cried Henry, "you must admit that it embodied many benevolent sentiments, and applied them to a laudable purpose."

"If it pleased you, Sir, as I know it

did Mr. Hanson, whatever objections I might urge would be sure of being negatived by a majority."

"I dare say Mr. Burleigh's judgment may be as good as yours," retorted the Deputy.

"Much better; though, if he were as well acquainted with modern debates, as, I dare say, he is with ancient eloquence, I am afraid your oration would not appear the most original performance he has ever met with. He would find that you have garbled some excellent speeches, and translated the ideas of others into your own phraseology, in order to figure away, like the jackdaw in the peacock's borrowed feathers."

"Do you mean to insinuate that the similes I used were borrowed?"

"O no! your cataracts, earthquakes, and conflagrations, were all your own; but, unluckily, they were so awkwardly connected with your speech, that they seemed to have been nailed to it after

it was finished, like the jingles on a boy's hoop."

"At least," said Henry, "you must admit that the speech in question was replete with benevolence."

"If the mere utterance of words which cost nothing, merits the character of benevolence, I am not prepared to deny that such praise is due to Mr. Hanson."

"And," replied Henry, "if you were to restrain a man from speaking in behalf of a humane project, till he had the power and the inclination of carrying it into effect, at his own expense, I am afraid the condition of the unhappy would be very slowly ameliorated."

"Very true. How will you get over that?" enquired the Deputy, addressing himself to Pierrepoint.

"I have no wish to get over such a truism; but, in spite of that, I shall continue to laugh at your pompous professions of humanity; and hold harangues like those I have heard to-day, to be

purely theatrical, and entitled to any thing but sober praise."

"I'll tell you what, Sir," cried the Common-council-man, "when Mr. Calthorpe placed you here, and it was agreed that you should be one of the family, I do not know that it was stipulated that you were to treat me with contempt."

"That was unnecessary."

"Nor did you do so, at first."

"I was not sufficiently acquainted with you."

"And what authorises you to do so now?"

"A knowledge of your character."

"Let him alone, my dear. Don't say any thing to him: you know his way," said Mrs. Hanson.

"Don't tell me!" vociferated the Deputy. "Look ye, Mr. Pierrepoint, I will not put up with such treatment from any man."

"Won't you?"

"No, Sir; and if you don't turn over

a new leaf, I shall very shortly tell you what you may not like to hear."

"Shall you?"

"Something you will not like."

"A repetition of your speech, perhaps?"

"My speeches shall not trouble you much more; but you may receive a hint, that it will be as well to seek a situation elsewhere."

"Really!" —

"Don't vex pa," cried Alexandrina.

"At your request I am silent, said Pierrepoint. I had no particular wish to annoy the worthy Deputy, though I could not help sporting a joke at —"

"Oh! if you meant it for a joke, that's a sufficient apology," Mr. Hanson remarked.

"I was not thinking of any apology. If I have jested with your humanity, pray bear in mind, that many a true word is spoken in jest."

"Don't be so provoking, Pierrepoint,"

said Alexandrina, in the tone which had before seemed to soften him, and he was silent.

Henry was surprised at the conduct of Pierrepoint in the course of this scene, and struck with the good-nature with which Alexandrina had interposed, and the readiness of the Deputy to forget what had offended him. Having vented his spleen, though courteously desired to stay, Pierrepoint soon withdrew.

The Deputy listened to the sound of Pierrepoint's steps, till satisfied that he might speak without danger of being over-heard. He then commented with much asperity on the disrespectful conduct of that person, and declared that he would instantly dismiss him, if he were not prevented from doing so, by feelings of humanity. His sensibility however forbad him to do this, as Pierrepoint, he said, had no friend on earth but himself.

Henry warmly applauded the benevolence of the Common-council-man,

which appeared to him to shine in his actions, as much as in his speech; and remarked to his friend, that those only of the rich understood their duty and their interest, who disdained to be restrained by any feelings of pride, or supposed superiority, from considering what was due to their inferiors in rank, even though their kindness should be answered by ingratitude.

"That is all perfectly true," replied Mr. Hanson. "But you will excuse me, my dear fellow, if I tell you that I do not think you sufficiently impressed with the necessity of guarding against familiarity with low persons. That Kendall, now, with whom you shook hands this afternoon—I was surprised to see you go up to him in the open street, as you did. Don't you know that he is only a shoemaker, and in a very small way? How came you to know him?"

"He came down to Richmond, some time ago, to establish a Bible Society;

and my father told me, that he was a very good man, and that he had for more than five-and-twenty years kept a Sunday School, and educated all the poor in his neighbourhood at his own charge. His means are indeed but scanty; but I have heard, that in numerous cases, his mite has been promptly given to relieve the unfortunate."

"Very likely. I would treat him with respect. I would nod to him, or bow to him, or do him any service in my power; but still I would not make him my equal, by shaking hands, and asking after his family. Mind, it is not that I have for my own part, an atom of pride; but I know what observations people are apt to make, and these are often unpleasant, and sometimes injurious."

"But Mr. Kendall, though not rich, is a man universally respected. My father shook hands with him, and invited him to his house."

"That was at a public meeting, I suppose. Was it not?"

"It was."

"O! then, that's quite a different thing: yes, yes, at these tavern-meetings, condescension is always the order of the day. At one of *them*, if I were to catch an evangelical sweep, or a fanatical lamplighter, I should do as your father did. The thing is there understood, and one gets a reputation for liberality, at the expense of a few civil phrases, and a loose invitation to dinner. But it does not follow that we are to know such people again, if we meet them in the street; or to be at home, if they should call at our houses."

"I am confident that Mr Kendall, had it suited him to come, would have been most sincerely welcome at Richmond."

"Why, to be sure, it is not at Richmond exactly the same as it is at London;

but I think my friend Burleigh, would have stared if after a *rat-tat* at the door, he had heard Kendall the shoemaker announced. Condescension is very well in its place; but we must not expose ourselves to the jeers and reproaches of people who have not the same liberal feelings that we have."

Henry could not subscribe to what had fallen from the Deputy with respect to Mr. Kendall. But the generous warmth of heart which marked the conduct of Mr. Hanson towards himself, gave strong evidence in favour of that gentleman's naturally kind disposition. An individual who happens to be the object of a rich man's favour, has generally charity enough to overlook the cruelty or coldness of his friend towards others.

Now all was preparation for the intended trip to Brighton. To facilitate matters, Henry volunteered his assistance in the counting-house. The offer was accepted, and the polished cit was

astonished and delighted at the acuteness and celerity, with which he went through the most intricate details of business. Mr. Hanson expressed this feeling more than once, and his praises were reiterated by Mrs. Hanson. In short all were liberal of their plaudits, with the exception of the unsociable Pierrepoint, who was silent, and whose features were for the most part wholly unmoved, though sometimes a slight convulsion might be remarked when the voice of panegyric was most loud, which indicated an effort to repress a burst of contemptuous laughter, that struggled for expansion on his countenance.

Every thing was at length arranged. A glass-coach was engaged to convey them to Brighton, and orders were given, that it should be at the door by ten in the morning. Before they stepped into it, Mr. Hanson took Henry to the Mansion-house, where the Lord Mayor, very affectionately took leave of them,

wishing them a pleasant journey, and observing that, "beyond all doubt, they would certainly, perhaps, be much to be envied by those less fortunate persons, who were, like himself, detained by the cares of office in London."

Returning through the Poultry, Henry perceived at a little distance, and coming towards them, on the same side of the way, Mr. Kendall. He felt extremely embarrassed. To shake hands with him as he had done on a former day, would be to pass a slight on Mr. Hanson. He was uncomfortable at the idea of acting immediately under that person's eye, in direct opposition to his advice; but then, it would give him pain to risk wounding the sensibility of a worthy man, by altering his deportment and passing him with a distant nod. They had nearly met, when Mr. Kendall turned to assist a poor Lascar, who had fallen down apparently from want and weakness. But for the presence of Mr.

Hanson, Henry would have been his colleague in this humane occupation. As matters stood, he suffered the Deputy, who pressed forward at this instant with additional speed, to lead him from the fainting foreigner and Mr. Kendall; and he congratulated himself, that he had avoided giving offence to Mr. Hanson without hurting the feelings of the tradesman. But a restless sensation, to which he had been little accustomed, remained behind, arising from a consciousness that his conduct was not exactly what his father would approve, since he had passed, as unseen, a man whose lowly destiny was brightened by a display of virtues worthy a more exalted station, and whose nobility of soul, ought, in the estimation of the good, to lift him far, far above the humility of his condition.

The Deputy had a call to make on one of his neighbours. That no time might be lost, he requested Henry to

step on to inform the ladies that he would be ready to start with them in less than ten minutes. The latter made haste to execute this commission, passed into the house with unusual quickness, and was approaching the stairs, when he distinctly heard a kiss; and in the same moment, covered with blushes and confusion, Alexandrina issued from the little parlour, the door of which was close to the staircase. She started; he was not sufficiently master of himself to appear a stranger to the cause of her disorder, and several very expressive glances were exchanged. Henry repeated the message with which he was charged. It was received by the young lady, with a curtsey, and after complaining of the heat of the weather, she passed up stairs. He followed in silence; but when he recalled the manner, in which, on a former occasion he had heard her speak to Pierrepoint, and the effect her words seemed to produce on that untractable person, and

combined what had then struck him as remarkable, with that which he had just heard and seen, he could not help suspecting the unmannerly conduct which he had remarked, to be but an affectation of blunt honesty; a disguise under which the confidential agent of the Deputy, was aiming a deadly blow at the happiness and honour of an indulgent employer, and unsuspecting benefactor.

CHAP. VII.

" ——————— You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd."

SHAKSPEARE.

ARRIVED at Brighton, the Hansons established themselves in elegant apartments, and proceeded to engage in all the various amusements of that favourite resort of wealth, dissipation, and indolence. One day an excursion to Rottingdean, and the next a ride in a superb vehicle, drawn by donkies, to the Devil's Dyke, or to Worthing, amused their mornings; while their evenings were divided between the theatre and the libraries. At

the latter the ladies were distinguished by the vivacity with which they patronised loo, and the rocks of Scilly, which it had not, up to that time, occurred to any learned gentleman, or *commissioner*, to repress as immoral, in order to atone for that rapacity, which was daily engaged in illegally extorting large sums from the poorest and most unfortunate classes in society.

Henry attended Alexandrina to all the scenes of amusement which she was disposed to visit, and Mr. and Mrs. Hanson were decidedly of opinion, that the young people were rapidly becoming very agreeable to each other, and could perceive, so far as they were concerned, no obstacle to the completion of their wishes. But they deceived themselves. Though Henry felt no repugnance to the society of Miss Hanson, when politeness required that he should accompany her to a ball or concert; he had too vivid a recollection of what he

had heard and observed on the day of their departure, to be dazzled by her charms. On the part of Alexandrina, there was a restless consciousness that forbad her to feel perfectly at ease with Henry. She could not persuade herself, either that the confusion in which she had appeared before him had escaped his observation, or that he was at a loss to guess its cause. Each endeavoured to act a civil, cheerful part in the presence of the other; but a coldness and an awkward embarrassment lurked behind, which were not to be subdued.

To a mind free from care, Brighton has many charms, and Henry failed not to enjoy them all. He was extremely well satisfied with the excursion; and, to say truth, had he not been so, he must have been very difficult to please; for the Hansons spared no expense to provide a variety of entertainments for his gratification; and the ingenuity with which they devised means for wasting money here,

was equal to that which they displayed in collecting it elsewhere.

While at Brighton, he received several communications from home; but one evening, on returning from a concert, he was surprised by a letter of very unusual length from his father; and on perusing it, he found that it related to matters of no common interest, as the reader may collect from the following extracts.

"A circumstance," said Mr. Burleigh, has occurred, which disturbs me much, and you will participate in my surprise and anxiety, when I inform you that a strange and singularly mysterious attempt has been made to carry off your sister, which attempt has been as mysteriously defeated. Walking on the banks of the river, in the evening of Wednesday last, Harriet was my companion, and the fineness of the weather induced us to prolong our stay till twilight. Some object attracted your sister's notice, and I perceived not that

she had relinquished my arm, till having partly ascended the hill by our favourite walk, I thought I heard a shriek, and starting at the sound, found myself alone. I retraced my steps, but could no where see Harriet. The walk was completely deserted, the river was undisturbed by a single splash, and no sound in its vicinity interrupted the profound repose of nature. The alarm which I experienced I strove to subdue, and judging that the object of my solicitude had mistaken the path to the right, for that which I had taken, I flattered myself, that on reaching home, I should find she had arrived before me. The hope proved vain, and with agony and alarm, I again hastened to the banks of the Thames, sought her in all the places to which I conceived it possible that she might have wandered, but the search was unavailing. It appears, that the moment I began to ascend the hill, two ruffians sprang on her, thrust a hand-

kerchief into her mouth, and forced her to a boat. Before I could return the first time, they had concealed themselves behind one of the small ozier-crowned heights, where they remained in silence, till I had retired. Then passing down the river with the tide, it seemed to be their intention to convey her to London. Below Fulham, one of them snapped the oar with which he was rowing. This proved a serious impediment to the execution of their design. They endeavoured to make the boat-hook supply its place, but proceeded so slowly, and with such fatigue, that the person to whom the accident had happened, breaking the silence, till then observed, declared with an oath, 'that it was of no use; they should never get to town in that way, and he would go on shore and procure another oar.' They were by this time near Chelsea, in a part of the river that is overhung by thick tufted trees, on the Middlesex side. The night was very

dark, and the boat having been cautiously put in, one of them went ashore, and, after an absence of some minutes, returned with a pair of sculls. "Of what use are these," said the other, in a very hoarse, and apparently disguised voice, and with much displeasure. "The tide has now turned against us, we shall never get down with these things." While speaking he left the boat, as if to seek himself for something fitter for their purpose.

"Another pause occurred, which lasted longer than the former. The fellow left in the boat became impatient of delay, and alarmed for the fate of his associate.

"'Come, come,' said he, as he saw a figure approach. 'Stop your whimpering,' he added, addressing himself to Harriet, who sighed, in his opinion, too audibly.

"The person he had addressed entered

the wherry, sat down, and prepared to row.

" ' Well! Have you succeeded better?' said the other, as he came into the boat, ' but I need not ask, as I see you come empty-handed.'

" He was answered by a shake of the head, and they pushed out towards the middle of the river, but had not got far from the shore, when some one was heard to cough on the bank which they had just left. They still pulled out; the cough was repeated, and followed by a peculiar signal.

" Astonishment and confusion seemed to overwhelm the ruffian who had been left with the boat. He paused; and the signal from the shore was repeated.

" ' What is that?' he exclaimed.

" His companion was silent; but made a sign for him to row on.

" ' Did you hear nothing?'

" A shake of the head, and a motion of the hand, that seemed to indicate an

opinion that what had been heard was unworthy of attention, was the only reply.

" ' If you were not here I should swear that you were now on shore calling to me. There again — did you ever hear any thing so like ——? — You can't be there, because you are here — but stay — is it you? — Ha! — Who in the name of all the devils in hell are you? — No shake of the head will do — Speak — What are you?'

" ' A man,' replied the stranger; and at the same moment he seized the baffled villain by the throat. The suddenness of the attack, added to the confusion which had previously overwhelmed the ruffian, disabled him from answering it with any corresponding effort; and, reeling backwards, he fell over the seat which he had just occupied, while his head encountered the edge of the boat with violence, and before he had time to recover

the assailant fairly threw him over the side.

" On finding himself in the water, the wretch attempted to cling to the boat. The stranger raised the oar, and menaced him with a blow.

" ' Let me hang here,' he roared, in a supplicating tone.

" ' No; you must hang somewhere else;' the other coolly replied.

" ' But I cannot swim.'

" ' Then sink;' and the threatened blow descending on his hand, compelled him to relinquish his hold; and, turning about, he at once proved that his late appeal merited precisely the attention it had received, by swimming towards the shore.

" The stranger now put the boat round, and went with the tide. His questions were few and brief. Anxiety to get to some distance from those he apprehended might pursue, dictated a great exertion in the first instance, and left

him little leisure to speak. The silence of Harriet, when he did address himself to her, he was rather at a loss to interpret, as, from the gloom which prevailed, he did not perceive that she had been gagged by the miscreants from whom he had so gallantly rescued her.

" He at length discovered the violence with which she had been treated, and relieved her from the torture to which she had been subjected for some hours. Your sister soon recovered sufficiently to inform him of the circumstances which had placed her in the situation above described. He started at the name of Burleigh, and seemed in that moment to experience additional astonishment and satisfaction at the result of his extraordinary adventure, but said nothing.

" In truth it seemed to be no time for words; for a boat, rowed by two men, was fast gaining on them, and they believed themselves to be pursued. This was a vain alarm. The stranger, though

greatly fatigued, as it should seem, from being unaccustomed to such exercise, continued with the most unremitting energy his generous labours.

" I had passed a melancholy night. Though hopeless of finding her where I had left her, thither my feet unconsciously wandered, after every fresh failure in another quarter. The inutility of further search on that spot was obvious while I was there; but the moment I found myself at a distance from it, I recollected some bush or nook which I had failed to explore, in which, by possibility, she might be concealed; and while I sent messengers in every direction, to this place I continued to return myself.

" The night had passed, and the first gleam of day bursting from the east threw a silvery paleness over the broad surface of the river, on the margin of which I had passed the most painful hours of my life, when I saw, at a considerable

distance, a boat slowly approaching the bank on which I stood. The excruciating anxiety which I endured, made me on the alert to gaze at any object moving on that stream, by means of which I could not but suspect my child had been removed, but the tempest of hope and fear, — of cheerful anticipation and frightful apprehension, which filled my bosom, when I first thought I could distinguish a female, in the slowly advancing wherry I had observed, it would be folly to attempt to describe. And still more vain would be the effort to depict the unspeakable transport — the thrilling ecstacy — the overwhelming rapture, with which I saw myself recognised, and a few moments afterwards found my tears of joy mingling with those of my restored Harriet.

"But in the tumult of my happiness, I could not subdue astonishment at the manner in which I had been deprived of the object of my solicitude, and at the way in which she had returned. On these

subjects I attempted some inquiries, but the emotion of Harriet was too great to admit of her giving me all the information I desired. What I could learn from her was contained in such broken sentences as these, while tears of joy seemed assiduous to wash away the traces of those so recently extorted by bitter sorrow.

" ' Oh! my father. — You know not what I have endured. — This brave, generous—but for him your daughter was lost. — Villains tore me from you. — I should have seen you no more, but for him—'

" I desired her to calm her transports, and addressing myself to the stranger, requested to know from him what had taken place. He answered rather abruptly.

" ' Excuse me, Sir; though anxious to afford you any satisfaction in my power, I can tell you nothing which you may not hear from Miss Burleigh, when her present agitation subsides. Accident af-

forded me the happiness of preventing the completion of the atrocious outrage, in part committed on your daughter. Who the parties were, I fear you will not easily discover, for they are equally unknown to Miss Burleigh, and to me. I have no more to say, but must immediately take my leave." —

" 'So suddenly!' I exclaimed — 'Nay, I must entreat you to accompany me to that humble home, so lately desolate, which, through your heroism, is again the seat of happiness.'

" ' I must deny myself the pleasure of accepting your invitation. My duty calls me hence, and that stated, I am certain you would not counsel delay.'

" 'But at least take some refreshment.'

" ' I want none. The consciousness of having been of service to Miss Burleigh, is enough to sustain me, and food or wine is superfluous. I have only now to bid you adieu.'

' " First tell me when I may hope to

have the pleasure of seeing you again. Name some day, when I may expect the honour of your company."

" ' I cannot.'

" ' But let me have the pleasure of seeing you soon. Will you promise that?'

" ' I do not promise; but in all probability you will see me very shortly.'

" ' May I not know the name of the individual to whom I am so largely indebted?'

" ' Forgive me, Sir, but I would rather that it should be concealed, though, that you will shortly know it, I have very little doubt.'

" ' But, should the offending parties be discovered, your presence may be of the greatest possible importance. May I not know where to address you on such an occasion?'

" ' An advertisement in the Morning Chronicle, will meet my eye, and in such a case, I will immediately be forthcoming.'

" ' But not knowing your name, how shall I address you?'

" ' By any name, or initials you please. Say A. B. — I now take my leave.'

" And, with these words, he disengaged his hand, which I had anxiously held, and bowed in return to the expressions of thankfulness which Harriet addressed to him. He gazed with a pensive earnestness on her face for a moment, and then, as by a great effort, tore himself away. — I could not help calling after him —

" ' If I should have no oppportunity of addressing you as A. B. I shall expect you to return, at all events.'

" ' Never, never!'

" These words were uttered with a resolute air, and a moment after he vanished, taking the road to the bridge, and proceeding with extraordinary rapidity. His conduct surprised me not a little. That he should decline telling the tale of his own courage, was to be expected from one capable of acting as he had acted,

but the refusal to communicate his name and residence is not to be accounted for in the same way. Though his dress was much disordered by the violent exertion he had undergone, and his face flushed with the heat consequent upon it, I consider him to have a fine person, and his every word and gesture attested the education and the habits of a gentleman.

"The alarm had been sounded far and wide, and the moment it was known that my daughter had been found, my neighbours began to crowd round me. Foremost, among these, was Sir James Denville. The stranger was hardly out of sight, when the Baronet made his appearance, and was much hurt that I had not called on him to assist in the search which I had been led to undertake. He regretted, even more than I did, the precipitate retreat of the deliverer of Harriet — enquired his description, and pursued him, on horseback, but without success. On his return, the anxiety he

had, in the first instance, expressed to testify his gratitude to the stranger, had, in a great measure, given place to a less amiable feeling. From the questions which he pressed on Harriet, and the incredulity which his manner indicated, while listening to some of her replies, it was clear that he had a lurking suspicion that she had not been forced away, and that your sister knew more of her preserver than she chose to avow. In no other way could I account for the rigorous examination to which he was disposed to subject her. I found it necessary to interfere, at last, by telling him that the questions he was then engaged in putting, were unnecessary; that the guileless character of Harriet was known to me, if not to him; and that I was perfectly satisfied with her statement. Upon this he apologised, confessed his error, and imputed to the anxiety of sincere affection, the offence of which he had been guilty.

"Of Sir James Denville I have much to say. Certain transactions connect him with me, which you ought to be made acquainted with, as, in the event of my sudden decease, you might be much embarrassed for want of that information which I ought to communicate. When I say this, do not suppose that I have any presentiment my life is about to terminate. Thank God, I was never in better health. I am particular in stating this, that your sensibility may not take the alarm, as it did on a former occasion, when my dissolution happened to be the subject of consideration. I feel no particular apprehension, at this time; but a rational man, who knows that he cannot be removed from life without materially changing the situation and the prospects of those who are dear to him, ought to make those arrangements which may be necessary for their welfare, before the pangs of disease have assailed his faculties, and, in some measure, disqualified him for

the important task. It is with this impression on my mind, that I feel anxious to see you, when you can return without deranging the plans of those you are with, and to whose kindness and friendship you hold yourself to be so largely indebted."

Henry read the letter which brought this unexpected intelligence, with intense interest. The attempt to carry off his sister, filled him with astonishment and indignation; and, in the first transports of his rage, he determined on leaving Brighton instantly, to seek for some clue by which he might bring the villains to punishment. But on reflection, he thought it would be unkind to the Hansons, abruptly to break up their party, which he was convinced he should do if he took his departure then, he reflected, that his father was fully competent to adopt every necessary precaution to guard against a recurrence of the danger to which Harriet had been exposed, and also to take the most

effectual steps for discovering the ruffians who had carried her off. These considerations enabled him to subdue the impatience he felt to see home, and to make up his mind to remain at Brighton till the Hansons were disposed to terminate their excursion. He wrote to this effect; and Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, informed of what had happened, regaled him with a scene of well-acted sympathy and sent to Richmond without delay, their letter of condolence and congratulation.

CHAP. VIII.

" 'Tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious, that will plague 'em both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion." DONNE.

THOUGH Henry continued to enjoy the pleasures which courted him, there were intervals when his anxiety to see his father, made his residence at Brighton intolerably irksome, and as yet, he heard nothing of the period at which they were to return.

A week had elapsed since the receipt of the letter, which had made so strong an impression on his mind, when the Deputy proposed a tour by Lewes and Newhaven, and to make the treat the greater, he determined on performing

it in a landau, to be drawn by four donkies.

The eccentricity of the plan pleased the ladies. It was not often that the Deputy carried a motion in his own family, with such perfect unanimity, as prevailed on this occasion. At the appointed time, the vehicle was brought forth in grand style; the tawdry jackets of the postillions were decked with some additional frippery supplied by Mrs. Hanson and Alexandrina, and thus finished off, as the party moved majestically down the Steyne, all seemed of opinion with the Deputy, that the exhition he had prepared, was really what he termed it, "a most *superb set out.*"

Their little journey was pleasant, and undistinguished by one of those upsets which commonly supply a delicious interest to such jaunts. The cattle being remarkably fine (*of the kind*), went at least at the rate of four miles an hour, which being nearly as fast as a man can walk

without unpleasant exertion, was certainly pretty well for a donkey-drawn vehicle at Brighton.

They completed their journey without accident, and without meeting with any impediment but one. On the road between Newhaven and Rottingdean, the donkies thought proper to conspire against their drivers, and all, as by common consent, stood still. The postillions applied their whips to no purpose, and the Deputy, incensed at their obstinacy, which was certainly very disrespectful, undertook to assist them with his stick, and began to belabour the refractory animals with great impetuosity.

"Have pity on your *fellow creatures!*" cried some one from a thicket, at a short distance from the road.

The Deputy started, for he thought he knew the sound full well; but looking to the spot whence it proceeded, he saw a gang of gypseys, and supposing what he had heard to be an appeal to his compas-

sion from one of them, he followed up his blows with much animation, and without deigning to give the supposed beggar any answer. The cattle were resolute not to stir, Mr. Hanson was determined not be conquered, and all the vigour of his arm was felt in turn, by each unfortunate ass; but it was again arrested by the voice he had heard before, and which now complimented his labours, by reciting the following lines from Dr. Watts's songs:

> "The devil tempts *one* mother's son
> To rage against *another*,
> So wicked *Cain* was hurried on
> 'Till he had killed *his brother*."

The Deputy paused again.

"Don't commit fratricide," the speaker continued, and Pierrepoint now made his appearance from the bushes, among which he had been seated with the gypseys.

"Pierrepoint!" exclaimed the Deputy, "What brought you here?"

"The Comet, I believe they call it,

with four horses, running from London to Brighton."

"Well but on what occasion."

"Business of importance that could not be arranged by letter. At Brighton I learnt the route you had taken, and came this way intending to walk to Newhaven to meet you. I recognised you from the description given of your equipage, when you were on the top of yonder hill; determined to wait for you here; and, not to lose time, sat down to have my fortune told by the strollers you see in my company,

"I hope you have received satisfaction from them."

"I have;—these itinerant astrologers sell knowledge, wealth, and importance, cheap. They have made me a great man, and given me a handsome lady with an immense fortune, for half a crown."

"But how can you reconcile it to your conscience, to encourage, by your

example, these gangs of impostors. Those who set the example of attending to them do mischief."

"Perhaps you think the pernicious tendency of my conduct, was the cause of the difference between you and the asses that draw your vehicle."

"I don't say that; but this I may remark, that they stopped in an instant on seeing you, as if they felt it would be indecorous to pass an old friend."

"I am glad to hear you assign them so creditable a motive. It is not every ass in a landau that would stop to notice a pedestrian acquaintance. But 'to quit this keen encounter of our tongues,' as we are not more than four miles from Brighton, had you not better give your reluctant beasts a bounty to proceed, by relieving them from your company. If you do this, and walk with me, on our way I can explain the cause of my being here, without fatiguing the ladies with details of commercial affairs. I

can make you acquainted with what I have to communicate, so that there shall be no impediment in the way of your amusements by the time we reach the Steyne."

For once, Pierrepoint heard what he had said received with universal applause. The reasonableness of the proposition seemed to be admitted by the donkies themselves: they no longer refused to advance; and the suggested arrangement was on the instant carried into effect.

On their way, the Deputy received such explanations from Pierrepoint as more than satisfied him of the propriety of the step which the latter had taken in coming to Brighton; and he sincerely praised the alacrity displayed in his service.

The whole party were in high spirits, when, after an absence of thirty hours, they again entered Brighton. Pierrepoint, having accomplished the object of

his journey, took his place to go by the stage, which was to start for London on the following morning, and joined the Deputy and his family at dinner. He was exceedingly well received by the ladies, and Henry thought his manner more courteous than usual, though to him he was as reserved and distant as ever. Once or twice he found Pierrepoint's stedfast gaze resting on his face; and a suspicion crossed his mind, that this was occasioned by resentment, for the surprise and embarrassment which he had reason to believe that he and Alexandrina had experienced from his unexpected approach on the morning of the Deputy's departure.

The attempt to carry off Harriet became the subject of conversation.

"I should feel just as your father, my friend Burleigh, does," said Mr. Hanson, addressing himself to Henry, "exceedingly vexed, at not being able to ascertain, to whom I stood indebted for

so important a service as that rendered by the stranger."

"And so should I," cried Mrs. Hanson.

"And so should I," chimed in Alexandrina.

Henry remarked it would afford him sincere pleasure, to thank the deliverer of his sister.

The Deputy and his wife declared it to be their opinion, that it was a very gallant action that he had performed.

"In my opinion it was most noble and heroic," said Alexandrina. "Don't you think so, Mr. Pierrepoint?"

"No."

"No!" repeated the lady, burlesquing the cool indifference with which Pierrepoint had made his response. "Why what a churl you grow! Will you allow merit to no one?"

"I will allow it where I see it."

"Pierrepoint is naturally slow in discovering any thing great or good in the

conduct of others," observed Mr. Hanson.

"I am afraid it is too true, for I find so few opportunities of giving praise, that I begin to suspect men must be better than they appear in my eyes."

"Your blindness," said Henry, "must indeed be calamitous, if, in this instance, you can perceive nothing laudable. The conduct of the brave stranger, whoever he may be, is that on which I should have thought there could be no difference of opinion."

"I should have thought so too: it appears to me very proper conduct; but I see nothing extraordinary in it."

"Indeed! If such actions are common, I wonder you should think so meanly of mankind."

"Such occasions," Mr. Burleigh, "are uncommon. The stranger who interposed was favoured by the extraordinary situation in which he found himself, and

which threw a lustre on his exertions which did not of right belong to them."

"Those exertions, though, were such, that I believe you would not find it easy to imitate them," observed the Deputy, with that impatience which a friend to free discussion usually feels, when any one differs from the opinion which he has thought proper to express.

"Their character is not to be ascertained by my merits or deficiencies. Actions may be superior to any thing I could achieve, and yet have no claim to admiration. To me it seems, that the deliverance of Miss Burleigh was fortunately, very fortunately, effected by an effort purely common-place."

"You jest," said Henry, "or this is said in the very spirit of wanton detraction. A stranger perceives a female in the power of two ruffians; he flies to her relief by the most judicious means; he triumphs! and, with great and almost overwhelming toil, he restores her to her

friends, whom he flies, lest they should attempt to reward his heroism. Here, then, is a splendid instance of humanity, courage, presence of mind, and generosity, combined in the same individual; and this display, so honourably and unostentatiously made, is, according to you, but a purely common-place effort."

"Nothing more, I protest. A benighted idler, is, by some accident, brought where he perceives a female in distress, and is disposed to relieve her. What great humanity is there here? It only shows that he was not a monster. The two ruffians you speak of his having triumphed over, it is to be remembered, he did not attack together. Having passed into the boat, he could have to contend with but one; who, in the first instance, laboured under this disadvantage, that he was not apprehensive of danger. What you then consider a brilliant instance of courage, seems to me, at most, to prove that this person was

not a coward. The presence of mind with which he got rid of the ruffian, who had risen for the purpose of ejecting him from the boat, seems to have been merely a random exertion, called forth by the unexpected peril of the moment; and, that he finally retired without waiting for a reward, proves no more than this, that he had too much sense to tarnish a tolerable action, by stooping to conduct which would have covered any person above the rank of waterman to a hackney-coach stand with indelible disgrace."

"I do not think it well," returned Henry, "that the merit of a bold and humane action should be thus coldly reasoned away. Unquestionably it is the duty of all men to do good; but where a man, in the cause of a helpless female, exposes himself to great personal risk, which he might avoid without reproach, courts peril, and with disinterested modesty flies from reward, he can be no

common-place character. No man ought to think meanly of such conduct, till, having been placed in a like situation, and come triumphantly out of it, he has ascertained what his own conduct would be."

"After what has been so ably stated by my worthy friend, who spoke last," said the Deputy, "I am sure it would be presumption in me to detain the court — company I mean, — a single moment, by saying —"

"That you entirely agree with Mr. Burleigh. Well, be it so; I am now rendering a service to two ladies, almost as acceptable as that for which Miss Burleigh and her relations are so grateful."

"What do you mean?"

"That that standing prologue to a long speech — 'it would be presumption in me to detain you for a moment,' has almost frightened Mrs. Hanson and Alexandrina from the table, from dread

of a rehearsal of one of your Common-council harangues."

These remarks were not without foundation. The ladies, expecting that fearful visitation with which Pierrepoint had conceived them to be threatened, were actually beginning to prepare for a retreat. In their hearts they were little disposed to quarrel with the abruptness which had interrupted the orator; but, from anxiety to appear all harmony before Mr. Burleigh, they denied any consciousness of alarm, while the Deputy delighted and relieved them exceedingly, by suppressing the eloquence he had resolved to display, and declaring that Mr. Pierrepoint happened to be completely out; for all he had to say was comprised in the last sentence which had fallen from Mr. Burleigh, and merely came to to this — "that it would be time enough for those, who thought little of that conduct, which had been the subject of their conversation, to express their want

of respect for it, when they themselves had been placed in such a situation."

Here Mr. Hanson thought he was saying something very sarcastic. He accordingly looked significantly at Pierrepoint, that it might not be lost; and finished with a wink at the ladies; the meaning of which, if we may venture to reduce its expression to words, was, — "There I hit him." Considering it, however, but prudent, to guard against a retort, which Pierrepoint was likely enough to supply without hesitation or ceremony, he, instead of waiting for an answer, brought the conversation to a close with the remark, "At all events we are agreed that the conduct of the stranger was good, and so I propose to terminate our controversy, by filling a glass to his health."

"I will drink it in a bumper," said Henry, pouring one out while he spoke, and forwarding the decanter to Pierrepoint."

"Pierrepoint, will do the same, I dare say," Alexandrina remarked.

"O! certainly! I have not the least objection to drink to the health of a man, though I think him no hero."

"Well, Pierrepoint, I am glad you join cordially with us at last. But come now, to own the truth, don't you think there was something very extraordinary in one part of his conduct? There was a sort of mystery about his departure, which makes me curious to know who and what he was," said the Deputy.

"I see nothing remarkable in it."

"What, not in his concealing his name?"

"No."

"Well now," said Mrs. Hanson, "from that one circumstance, if ever the truth comes out, I dare say it will prove that he is a person of no small consequence."

"I am of your opinion, my dear."

"It would not greatly surprise me,"

Henry added, " from the description which my father gives of his conduct and deportment."

" Alexandrina enjoyed this touch of mystery wonderfully, and improving on all that had been said, she exclaimed — O! delightful! Perhaps it may be some Marquis or Duke."

" It is likely enough that he is a person of rank," the Deputy shrewdly remarked; " and, on that account, he might be desirous of concealing his name, in the first instance."

" It is equally probable," Pierrepoint provokingly replied, " that he is a person of no rank, and of little respectability, who prudently withheld his name to conceal his humble circumstances."

" Now," said the Deputy, in a tone of plaintive expostulation, " this is too bad. When any thing transpires that claims the admiration of others, you first disparage the act performed, and, not content with that, in the spirit of illibe-

ral opposition, you next suppose the actor to be some wretched low-lived fellow."

"You can have no just reason for coming to such a conclusion," Henry remarked, with some asperity.

"I have said nothing about his being a wretched low-lived fellow. This is merely a flourish of the Deputy's eloquence. I have done the person no wrong, in supposing that his circumstances may not be the most favourable that can be imagined. Perhaps he was a poor man, who was obliged to run away in a hurry to attend his employer's counting-house in the morning. This I say, and saying this, I pay him no ill compliment; for, surely, under such circumstances, to conceal his name, and retire as he did, though what most men would do in the situation I have supposed, was nothing to his discredit. The actions you so much admire, are the same, whether they were performed by a peer of the realm or a porter; and I

must confess that, had there been something singularly brilliant in them, I am so vulgar in my ideas, that I should not have thought that they could have been accomplished only by a Duke or a Marquis. Connected as he is with a noble family, such an idea may not be unnatural in Mr. Burleigh; but plebeians of very humble origin, like the rest of the present company, may be excused for asserting the capacity of persons in their own condition to act an honest part, as well as their more fortunate fellow-creatures."

Though Mr. and Mrs. Hanson were as much interested in having this doctrine upheld as Pierrepoint himself could be, they had the disinterestedness to feel very indignant at his having broached it. Whether this sprung from sheer regard for their new friend, Mr. Burleigh, or was, in part, caused by certain recollections to which it is unnecessary more distinctly to allude, the reader is at liberty to judge

for himself. Be this as it may, the luminary which shone in solitary glory in the upper part of Mr. Hanson's countenance, gained in an instant additional splendour, while the Deputy's face appeared unusually flushed, and the fidgetty motion of his right leg very correctly imitated that by which a knife-grinder turns his wheel. Both were highly incensed, and the gathering cloud on each brow announced a coming storm.

" As to very humble origin —" said Mrs. Hanson.

" Aye, as to very humble origin," echoed the Deputy, " I'll tell you what, Mr. Pierrepoint, I don't know what you hint at."

" I hint at nothing."

" If you mean to insinuate any thing about me — if you mean to insinuate that —that I am a person of such very humble origin ——"

" I mean to *insinuate* nothing of the kind."

"What then do you mean?"

"Broadly to assert it, should I see occasion to do so."

"Whatever calumny you may have picked up respecting me, if you know any thing of my ancestors ——"

"It is more than you do, I suspect."

"My grandfather, I believe was as respectable a man as ever lived."

"It is much to be regretted that his name has not been preserved."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Pierrepoint," cried Mrs. Hanson, marching with affectionate alacrity to the relief of her discomfited husband, "this is the first time that ever the respectability of either of our families was questioned."

"It has not been *questioned* now, Madam."

"In every respect they were quite as good as ourselves."

"I dare say they were."

"Whatever you may dare say, nobody else doubts it."

" Nor do I, Madam."

" Well, then, there was no occasion for throwing out any of your sneers," added the Deputy.

" I threw out none," replied Pierrepoint, and thought of none. Your filial sensibility is easily wounded. I meant no disrespect to your ancestors, as I know nothing of them, and have no objection to suppose your dynasty, if it could be traced, would prove not less superb than that of your boating hero. At any rate, it is not to be supposed that I can look with contempt on people of low birth. Till it can be proved, that human beings have an option in these matters before they come into the world, I shall not think the birth of any one either an honour, or a disgrace. A benefit or a misfortune it may be, but it ought neither to be the subject of admiration or reproach. Though folly may be vain of what is called high birth, and pride may feel a groundless alarm, when accidentally reminded

of that which ought least to annoy, — a lowly origin."

Henry felt the truth of most of these remarks, though he could not but think Pierrepoint deficient, both in good-nature and good manners, for urging them at that moment. This he did not scruple to hint, while expressing his concurrence with some of the sentiments which had escaped Pierrepoint on the subject of birth. The latter admitted, with an appearance of candour, that his remarks might have been but indifferently timed, and unwilling to offend again, as he had now but a short period to remain in Brighton, he said he would relieve them from the incumbrance of his presence, and kill an hour or two on the Marine Parade.

He retired, and the Deputy and his lady became as usual very eloquent, on his want of politeness and good-nature. Both commented, with great animation and feeling, on the mean and envious

spirit which he had displayed, when the merits of the stranger were the theme of admiration. Henry thought his conduct in this instance remarkably illiberal; and Mr. Hanson assured him, that such was always his way. "I can give you an instance of it," said he, "that will prove what he is. Once I had made a speech at Common Hall, which was very much applauded by all present, and praised in the newspapers of the following day; so I asked him, in a friendly and familiar way, if he did not think, after such success, I might some day stand a chance of doing something in Parliament. What do you think his answer was; why, "he did not conceive that my eloquence was of that sort which would adorn the senate; but if I continued to improve, in the same way, I might in time be qualified to show the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change. Now what do you think?"

CHAP. IX.

"Hope was nigh, the moonlight beam'd,
Soft once more the breezes sighed;
Hope was nigh, yet hope but gleam'd
Human joy is sorrow's guide."

ROCHE.

PIERREPOINT took his departure on the following morning. Mr. Hanson had been able to arrange matters, so as to make it unnecessary for him to return immediately; but the Deputy now, with many expressions of regret, announced, that it was of great importance, that he should be in town in the course of the week. Henry, to whom this was communicated in the language of apology, confessed, that the intelligence, far from being unpleasant, was most welcome, as after the letter which he had received

from his father, and the wish expressed to see him, he was impatient to get to Richmond again.

The Deputy now gave up his lodgings, and, determined to throw as much variety as possible into their last week of pleasure, rambled about the neighbourhood with no rule, but that which the prospect of amusement dictated at the moment. Lewes, Worthing, Little Hampton, and Arundel, were successively honoured with his presence; and when at length the party nominally set out for town, it was determined that on their rout they should give into every deviation from the regular track, that promised novelty or interest.

Acting on this plan it was not till three days after they left Brighton, that they arrived at Sutton. There they spent one day at the snug box of a retired citizen, the particular friend of the Deputy. On the following day they were to proceed on their journey; when

in consequence of the Prince having just gone down to his favourite retreat, there had been such a demand for horses, that Mr. Hanson could obtain none which he thought it consistent with his dignity to allow the honour of drawing his family and friend into London.

He thereupon resolved to remain where he was till the following morning. But Henry was too anxious to visit his father, to feel satisfied with this arrangement, and he accordingly requested the Deputy to excuse him from being longer of their party at that time, as, if he would not feel offended at his doing so, he should best study his own convenience and comfort, by setting out for Richmond, without a moment's delay.

"My dear friend, don't talk of offence," said the Deputy, that which affords you most pleasure, will always be most agreeable to me. But how are you to go? Here are no horses."

"Across the country it is no great distance; and I have some idea, that I can find my way by a cut so short, that I shall get there almost as soon going on foot, as I could by the road with horses."

"I dont much like my friend to go on foot; but if you object to staying the night, please yourself; only mind I shall expect the honour of your company in town as soon as you have seen your relations. But I think you had better not set out to night.

"It will not be dark for some hours, and I have no doubt I shall get home in very good time."

Henry prepared without delay to carry his resolution into effect, and having received the adieus of the ladies, and the kind solicitations of Mrs. Hanson to be with them again very soon, he shook hands with the Deputy, and commenced his journey.

As he proceeded, he could not but reflect with infinite satisfaction on the scenes he had recently witnessed, and on the kindness he had experienced from his new friends. But he regretted not that he was no longer with them, when he reflected that a few hours would restore him to that beloved and peaceful dwelling, where an indulgent father, a fond mother, and an affectionate sister, waited to hail his return, and to share from sympathy the delights which he had known in his tour. He had never been from home for so considerable a period before, and looking forward to the moment which should restore him to a father's embrace, he felt at heart all the force of the judicious remark, that "It is sometimes worth while to go abroad, if it be only for the joy of returning home."

His was the age at which life appears most pregnant with felicity. At that period of youth, when the vigour and

importance of manhood are first felt and appreciated,—when health and strength, almost exclude the idea that disease and infirmity are evils known to mortals,—when mental anxiety is even more remote from the heart than bodily suffering from the frame: it is then that the meretricious charms of life are displayed in all their most dazzling splendour to the inexperienced eye. Flattering hope attends the stripling's every step, and points to numerous objects, that promise the most exquisite gratification. Fear and distrust are unknown; for as the cruelty of men has not been felt, their perfidy is not suspected; and confidence and exultation carry the novice gaily forward towards imaginary scenes of exhaustless delight, and unalloyed felicity. The world is known but in idea, and that idea bestows all that its owner could desire that life should possess, labours its airy creation to perfection, and finally gives to the ardent gaze of

enamoured fancy, a finished picture of bliss: O! how mournfully unlike the sad realities of existence!

Gaily anticipating the joyful greetings with which he was satisfied that he should be received, and turning over in his mind the pleasantries with which he should reply to them, he took into consideration the manner in which he should make his approach; and in order the more to surprise those he was hastening to join, he determined to get into the house as quietly as possible, that they might have no thought of his immediate return, till the moment in which, bursting into the room where they were assembled, he could announce himself.

While his mind was thus engaged, the last gleam of day vanished from his view. It was a beautiful evening; and his mind had not been so completely absorbed by the contemplation of recollected joys, and expected happiness, but he found leisure to regard with interest the glories

of the setting sun. He gazed with a lively admiration on the clouds, which seemed to pursue the retiring luminary of heaven to catch his parting splendour; and observing these as they changed their hue, now glittering with a golden radiance, then gradually assuming a crimson glow, and finally becoming sable masses on the face of the sky — darker even than the gloom which they had attempted to irradiate — awe, wonder, and devotion filled his soul, while aspiring thought soared to the Divine Author of all, charmed with the majesty and arrangement of the scene which arrested his attention. It did not occur to him that these celestial transitions but too faithfully represented the bright hopes, the lowering prospects, and final gloom which over-hang, or rather constitute, the destiny of man.

Still cheerfully advancing, it was not till several hours had elapsed that he discovered he had wandered from the

track which he ought to have followed. The enquiries which he addressed to the few persons he met, produced as usual, directions not easily to be understood, and totally at variance with each other. It was late in the evening before he arrived at Roehampton, and it was not till then that he found himself relieved from all uncertainty as to the road by which he might reach Richmond with the least possible delay.

The church clock struck twelve, a few moments after he had commenced the last mile which he had to travel. Though not very much fatigued, he exulted in the certainty that another quarter of an hour would bring him to his father. But a small disappointment grew out of the delay to which he had been compelled to submit, through losing his way. He could no longer hope to surprise his parents and sister in the manner that he had intended, by passing silently into the house. It would be

necessary to give them some disturbance, as it was the practice of Mr. Burleigh and of his family to retire to rest before midnight. He, however, felt but little regret on this score, as he was confident that the satisfaction inspired by his return would greatly outweigh, in their estimation, the trifling inconvenience they would sustain from being awakened at an unusual hour.

These thoughts were passing in his mind when he found it necessary to stop, on coming to four cross-roads; not that he was in doubt which would lead to Richmond, but because such a number of persons were there assembled as made it difficult for him to proceed. They were all apparently of the lowest classes, and wore their working dresses. The unusual silence that prevailed spoke the occasion of their meeting to be no holiday revel, and he sought in vain to discover the business that had called them together. Among the crowd he could

distinguish no one that he knew, but he himself was presently recognised; a general murmur of "Here is young Burleigh!" ran through the group; and one person of decent appearance, addressed him rather unceremoniously, with,

"I think, Mr. Burleigh, *you* ought not to be here at this hour; and advise you to retire."

Surprised at this rudeness, Henry considered himself to be treated like a child, by the remark on his being from home so late. The latter part of this brief speech appeared to him to contain a threat, and he contemptuously retorted.

"It is not necessary that I should ask you where I am to go, or when. For your advice, you would do well to keep it till it is called for, and then you may be thanked for it, though it should be worth nothing."

The man who had accosted him said no more, but turned away, abashed, as

Henry thought, at the sarcasm which had been the reward of his impertinence.

And now a general motion in the crowd, seemed to indicate that an object of unusual interest was about to present itself. Though for such a time and such a place, the number of persons assembled was considerable, the multitude was not so dense as to oppose much resistance to Henry's strenuous efforts, to approach that which commanded universal attention. He soon made his way through, and found himself on the verge of a newly dug pit, which had somewhat the aspect of a grave. He had scarcely been able to obtain a view of it, and had not had time to ask a single question of the by-standers, when, borne on a board, he perceived a dead body brought forward to the spot. The moon at that moment partially emerged from a cloud of sepulchral darkness by which it had been long obscured, as if to assist those engaged in completing the terrific business of the

night, and to display, for the last time, the blood-besmeared bosom and ghastly visage of the corpse, which was now precipitated into the hole. The fatal stake, which the law required should be passed through the body, was next produced. Henry saw it; and, starting from the momentary stupor of horror into which he had been thrown, burst through the surrounding throng, shuddering at having witnessed so much of the funeral of a self-murderer.

The dismal scene, of which he had been a witness, made a great impression on his mind. "Perhaps," thought he, "the wretch has been urged to this dreadful act by calamity. Unable to endure severe privation with fortitude, and frantic at seeing his wife and helpless children plunged by his folly or misfortunes, into hopeless misery, he has fled from the sorrows of life by suicide; or, possibly, conscious guilt has driven him thus madly to brave the vengeance

of the Most High, in order to evade the transient punishment which might have been inflicted by his fellow-men. But why thus suppose the worst? It may be, (though the jury have not thought so,) that he was suddenly bereft of reason, and that the act was that of his malady, and not of his depravity. O! had he but heard the reasoning which my honoured father has sometimes opposed to the apologists of suicide, it might have tranquillised the first throbs of anguish, and subdued that desperation which has terminated in this frightful catastrophe."

And while these thoughts passed through his mind, his attention was, for a time, diverted from the happiness to which he had reason to expect that a very few steps would now conduct him. Ruminating on the awful spectacle which had been thrown in his way, he with eager interest recalled the various con-

versations which he had heard on this subject, and the words which his friend and father had used, when incidentally speaking of self-murder. "Whether," Mr. Burleigh had said, "life be conceded to us as a boon, or inflicted as a punishment on our refractory spirits, of this at least we may be certain, that it was not bestowed without an object, and be that object what it may, it is our duty to preserve existence, in order that, so far as depends upon us, the will of Him who made us may be accomplished." These sentiments had been expressed on the evening when it was determined that Henry should visit the Hansons. Young minds are fond of marking coincidences, and it appeared singular to Henry, that his father's ideas should take such a turn on the day which sent him from Richmond, and that they should be so awfully recalled on that of his return. But he now found himself at his journey's

end. "It is my father's house!" he exclaimed; "away with the solemn thoughts which have lately haunted my mind, and let me prepare to witness happiness."

CHAP. X.

" Fond man that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound."

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

He approached the house, and announced his return, by knocking as he had been accustomed to do. The knock, he expected, would be recognised; but as he was confident that all the family had retired to rest, he calculated on some delay before the door could be opened. Some minutes elapsed, yet no footstep was heard, and he was led to conclude, that, buried in profound repose, the sounds he had produced had been lost on those for whom they were intended. He gave a louder knock than before, but

with no better success. A quarter of an hour was thus consumed; and now irritated by the amazing drowsiness of the servants, or by their bickerings with each other, which he supposed to operate his exclusion, he made an appeal to the hearing of the inmates, for which he felt, that it would be necessary to apologise to his father, but which he flattered himself, would raise one of his domestics from the death-like sleep, into which it seemed that all had fallen.

Nor was the hope vain. Retiring a little from the door, he perceived a light in the upper part of the house, which he had not before observed, and a moment after he was satisfied that it moved. It was clear that it was descending, from the ray which burst through the upper staircase window, and then through the chamber and drawing-room windows in succession, the doors of which he conceived must have been left open to favour this illumination. He had watched

its leisurely progress with impatience, and now, glad that it had at length reached the passage, he prepared to reprove the bearer for the tardiness of his movements.

"Come, come," said he, in answer to the question 'Who's there?' "open the door, unless you mean to keep me here all night."

"Who's there?" the voice within, again inquired.

"'Tis I — your young master. — Surely you have not forgotten my knock. Be quick I say. — Open the door directly."

"Who's there?" was again demanded with an air of cautious tranquillity, that was provokingly at variance with the impetuosity to which it responded.

"Open the door and see. What do you mean by this delay? I want to come in."

"Nobody must be admitted but on business."

Henry now remarked, that the voice was not that of the old porter James, nor of any of the servants that he had left in the house when he went to Mr. Hanson's. Reflecting that caution in a new servant ought to be admitted as some excuse for awkwardness, he moderated his tone, and spoke with his usual mildness.

"But, my good fellow, I come on business, I want to see your master."

"Mr. Wilkinson won't be here before ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"What's Mr. Wilkinson to me? You hardly know what you are saying. I am afraid you have been drinking. Let me in."

The person within, had by this time ventured to open the door a little way, having first secured it, by putting up the chain to guard against any sudden attempt to invade the premises, and now, as he looked out, Henry impatiently demanded of him,

"Will you let me in?"

"No."

"What do you mean by that? Do you not know me? I am your master's son."

"Who?"

"Henry Burleigh."

"No! — What! is it Henry Burleigh! Oh! that alters the case. Though my orders is to let nobody in, I won't keep you out of your father's house. — Now, Sir, walk in."

With these words the chain was removed, and Henry found himself in the hall. There was an appearance of disorder about it, to which his eye had not been accustomed. This however, was of little importance to him. He rejoiced to find himself once more in the house of his father, and passing the porter hastily, he began to ascend the stairs, intending to announce his return, and inquire after the health of his parents, before he took refreshment or repose. He had taken but a few steps, when he heard the man in the hall calling to him.

"Where are you going? — What do you want up stairs? There's nobody there."

"Nobody there!" he exclaimed, repeating, with unspeakable surprise, the words which had arrested him in his course.

"No, Sir; there's not a soul in the house but myself — but our two selves, however."

"Indeed! — why that is strange. What is the meaning of all this?"

"I suppose you know pretty well the meaning, Sir, if you take time to recollect —"

"To recollect what?"

"Why, Sir, you know Mr. Wilkinson, who hired me to come here to take care of the house for a few days."

"For what purpose? — who is Mr. Wilkinson? — what has he to do with this house?"

"I should think you must know that

without asking, Sir. As soon as poor Mr. Burleigh was dead—"

"Dead!" exclaimed Henry, with wild emotion. "My father dead! — And I not informed of it. Impossible! — It cannot be."

And as it appeared quite certain, if there had been the least prospect of an event so melancholy taking place, that he would have been informed of it, and summoned to town; he endeavoured to recover his composure, and to persuade himself that there must be some mistake. The silence of the man, who was tongue-bound from the surprise of which he perceived that he was the cause, confirmed the youth in the hope that he had sustained an unnecessary alarm, and he proceeded to make further inquiries.

"I perceive I have misunderstood you, friend. Who did you say was dead?"

"Mr. Burleigh, the great counsellor. I thought you knew all about it. Yes,

poor man, he made away with himself last Sunday."

Henry staggered some paces backward, but replied not to the dreadful tidings, thus abruptly poured into his wondering ears. His lips remained unclosed, as if speaking; but articulation was gone, and short breathings, occasionally interrupted by a lengthened gasp, and eyes glaring with agony and amazement, indicated the horror which unmanned him.

The man who had communicated these afflicting tidings, was affected by Henry's distress, and alarmed at the ghastly hue which invaded his blood-forsaken cheek. He advanced to him, and attempted to conduct him to a seat; but Henry, declining his assistance, continued leaning against the wall. Thus suddenly bereft of one so truly dear to him, and by his own act, as he collected, and at the very moment, (as it seemed,) when he expected to find himself clasped in his embrace,

was too much for human endurance. His mind became a frightful chaos, and, dashed as it were "from wave to wave," not of "fancied," but of real "misery," he could bestow no expression on what he had heard; he could make no enquiries. Benumbed, or petrified by the shock, a sort of lethargy seemed to come over him; big drops of perspiration stood collected on his pallid brow, and he remained motionless and silent.

Suddenly an idea crossed his mind; he started from the supporting wall and attempted to speak, but shuddering horror defeated the effort. He remembered the awful scene which he had witnessed on his road, and thought he perceived a dreadful connection between that, and what he had just heard. It was on this subject that he wished to ask a question. After many fruitless endeavours he at last sobbed,

"His remains. — My father's remains,

are they unburied? Are they in this house?"

The man shook his head.

"Not here!—Speak, tell me; has the grave closed over them?"

The person to whom he addressed himself seemed embarrassed. He paused; but perceiving that Henry expected his answer, he at length replied,

"I don't know."

"When is the funeral to take place?" enquired Henry, shrinking from the question he was disposed to put.

"By this time it may be over. He was to be buried at midnight in the—"

"At midnight,—in the cross roads!" cried Henry, with frantic anticipation, which required no support from a confirmatory reply. All doubt was now changed into the most excruciating certainty. Strange and incredible as it had seemed, it was but too clear that Mr. Burleigh had destroyed himself, and that

Henry, in witnessing the funeral of a suicide, had assisted at the brief obsequies of his father.

To describe the agitation of the youth, who an hour before had believed himself hastening to receive the warm greetings of an indulgent parent, when he found that it was the blood-disfigured body of that parent, that he had seen ignominiously deposited in a pit, with as little ceremony as would have been bestowed on the interment of a dog, — would be a task not less difficult than vain. He remained riveted to the spot, and with burning anguish, recalling what he had seen and heard, it was long before he seemed other than a living statue. The man left in charge of the house, finding himself thus detained, lighted his pipe, and attempted to interest Henry with the most copious details of what had passed. These were, for the most part, lost on the young man. His mind was so occupied by that which he already knew, that

he could listen to no more; but when at last the speaker touched on the situation of his mother and sister, he awoke to the recollection of the duties which, under so terrible a calamity, devolved on the son and the brother; and he broke silence to request that the man would repeat part of his statement concerning them, which he had but imperfectly heard. This wish was complied with in the following terms.

"Why Sir, from what I can hear, it appears, that a man must not kill himself, according to law, any more than any body else. Now, I suppose, Mr. Burleigh, notwithstanding he was a great lawyer, did not know this. So, Sir, when it was all over, and the jury had given their verdict against him as a *felon* — I forget the rest — and ordered him to be buried in the cross-roads; it then, Sir, turned out, as I understand, that all his property was not his, and since he had taken a subject from the king, the king had a right to

take all his goods from his family, and all his money, and cetera, and cetera."

"But my mother — my mother!"

"Well, Sir, this was, of course, a sad blow for her, because they took the house and all away from her. At least, they did not take it, but she was told, that it did not belong to her, nor any body belonging to her, and so she thought it better to turn out."

"And where is she now?"

"I have not been myself to see; but it seems there is a little cottage near this, which, by some settlement, or thing of that sort, which great people make when they are going to marry, is secured to her in her own right, and so she is gone there, and left this house for Mr. Wilkinson to take possession."

"I will go to her — I know the cottage."

"It is near the green, I think. But, Master Henry, you had better not go to knock up the ladies to night. Poor things!

I heard say they've had no sleep for two or three nights. It is a pity to disturb them now. You may sleep here in one of the beds if you like. Mr. Wilkinson won't think it taking any liberty."

"I do not want sleep."

"But it will be a pity to wake your mother and Miss, between one and two o'clock in the morning."

"You are very considerate; but on the night which has seen the earth close over my dear unhappy father, I am sure there will be no danger of disturbing their repose."

With these words he advanced to the door. The man did the same, but, reluctant to open it, again entreated Henry to postpone his visit till the morning. His representations were useless, and, at Henry's request, the bolts were once more undrawn, and he walked forth with an air of such misery and distraction, that the man felt it incumbent on him to admonish the young gentleman not to

give way to grief, lest it should lead him to do as his father had done.

With slow and solemn step, Henry approached the humble roof, beneath which his mother and sister had retired to shed their tears. It was now two o'clock; but he saw a light in the chamber, and a female figure passing once or twice, assured him of that which he had not doubted before, that his arrival would not endanger his mother's rest. He trembled as he lifted the knocker, and twice restored it to its place in silence, to gain a momentary respite from the afflicting interview on which his thoughts were fixed. A third time he raised it; and again feeling that he was not sufficiently collected to appear before the mourners, he attempted to do as he had previously done, when he accidentally released it sooner than he had intended, and the knock was given. It was answered without delay. The door was opened, and a female servant, who had been some years

in the family, presented herself. She started at perceiving him, and exclaimed in a tone of mournful expostulation,

" O! Sir, are you come at last!"

He could reply to her address, but with tears, which continuing to flow, repeatedly interrupted the short sentence he attempted to utter, when an effort at speech had become practicable. —

" How is my mother?"

" She is quiet now."

" Does she sleep?"

" O no, she is sitting up. She has repeatedly called for you, and wondered much, in her calmer moments, that you paid no attention to the letter."

" What letter?"

" A letter sent to Brighton, the day after — after — but I suppose you know what has taken place in the family."

" I do. — But no letter informed me of it."

" One was sent, directed to Mr. Han-

son's, at Brighton. I put it in the post myself."

"Strange — unhappy accident!" he exclaimed, and felt wholly at a loss to account for the miscarriage of the letter. He forgot that the circuitous route, and leisurely manner, in which the Hansons had returned, made it impossible for him to receive a letter through the post.

A deep groan arrested his attention. It was from his mother, and immediately afterwards he heard her voice loudly lamenting that her husband and son were both torn from her by assassins. She then called on them, alternately, to extricate themselves from the murderous band that surrounded them, and fly to her relief. Henry obeyed the summons, and presented himself before her.

Notwithstanding her delirium, she recognised the face of one she loved, and though she bestowed the names of husband and son indifferently upon him, in either character his presence afforded

her some relief. One female friend was with her; and Harriet herself, exhausted by the terrific emotions which had recently agitated her bosom, strove, between her sobs, to utter words of comfort, and to retain the woe-worn mourner on the couch which sustained her own tottering limbs.

Henry received the embraces of his mother and sister; embraces not less fervent (but, O, how different!) than those he had expected to receive on his return. His voice tranquillised the wandering thoughts of his remaining parent, and she became sufficiently conscious of her real state, to weep with her children for the irreparable loss which they had to deplore. By the return of day her delirium was gone; but her dejection was extreme, and for many hours she continued, alternately, to embrace and to shed her burning tears over all that remained to her in this world on which her affections could rest,—her children.

But, even in this whirlwind of calamity, in which reason, overwhelmed by misery, was least capable of exertion, the amazement of Henry would sometimes burst forth in expressions of incredulity on the subject of his father's melancholy end. That a man of his strength of mind should so far forget those principles, which many years of sedate reflection had so interwoven with his habits that they seemed an essential part of himself, as to commit an act which he had ever held in abhorrence, was more than he could comprehend. This, repeatedly uttered, drew from Mrs. Burleigh, in one of her most collected moments, the remark that, whatever the cause, it must have originated in the same minute that witnessed the perpetration of the fatal deed. It must have been some sudden transport — some indescribable feeling, which, at once, overthrew the whole fabric of a clear, strong, and virtuous mind, and hurried its revered possessor to death.

CHAP. XI.

" Whose was that screech-owl's voice that, like the sound
Of a hell-tortur'd soul, rung through mine ears
Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death?"
MARLOWE.

It may be for the convenience of the reader that we should, for a while, leave the mourners, to give some account of Mr. Burleigh's death, and of the proceedings which immediately followed that event, and which produced the melancholy scene of which Henry was, accidentally, the spectator.

On that morning, which was the last he was destined to see, Mr. Burleigh rose at his usual hour, and joined his family as soon as they were stirring. His lady had been so severely indisposed, that it was necessary a female attendant should be with her the whole of the night; and,

on this account, a bed had been provided for him in a small apartment on the first floor, which parted his study from the drawing-room. He asked, on descending from it, with his wonted tenderness, after Mrs. Burleigh's health, and was gratified to find that she was in an improving state. This circumstance affording him pleasure, his spirits seemed even better than usual, though dejection was one of those evils of which he had little reason to complain.

The family had just risen from breakfast, when Sir James Denville was announced. He made the usual friendly enquiries after the health of Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh; but playfully remarked that it would be almost hypocrisy to go through the same form with Harriet. He did not know but he should be justified in wishing her to experience a little indisposition, (provided it were unconnected with danger,) that she might have more pity for those who laboured

under indisposition of the mind, and learn from her own sufferings "to feel for others' woe." He congratulated Mr. Burleigh on the returning health of his lady, and expressed an opinion that an excursion to the coast would be likely to do her good; and while on this subject, he lamented that he had not before invited his friend with his family, to join him in a little tour he was about to make, and on account of which, he was that morning to leave Richmond.

Mr. Burleigh returned his thanks for these civilities, and enquired of Sir James where he thought of going.

"I am going." said he, "merely a little run along the sea-shore. We get to Dover to day, I, and an eccentric friend of mine; and then pass leisurely on by Beechy Head, round by Brighton;—by-the-bye, when I arrive there, I shall look out for Henry, and have a day with him; and then continuing our route, we visit all the little pleasant places in that

neighbourhood, and proceed to Portsmouth."

"I wish you much pleasure, Sir James."

"Thank you, Sir.—I wish Miss Burleigh had the benevolence to say the same."

"I wish you much pleasure, Sir James," said Harriet, with unaffected calmness and good will.

"Aye, you wish me pleasure, as you would wish a man, whom you had never seen, the good fortune to avoid breaking his neck."

"I do wish it, as I should wish any individual to escape such a calamity; that is, sincerely."

"But not anxiously."

"I seldom feel anxious, but when I feel apprehension. At present I have no fear on the subject; for I can have no doubt that you will experience much pleasure."

" But the pangs of absence — of absence from you."

" O! excuse me, Sir James; if you are going to amuse me with flights of this description, it is time to show you, that my romance reading has not quite prepared me for any thing so very tender."

And with these words, which she accompanied with a low curtsey, she left the room.

Sir James looked after her, and for an instant was silent, and appeared sinking into a profound reverie; when he was interrupted by Mr. Burleigh, who enquired why he was on a sudden so thoughtful.

" Can you ask, my dear friend," he replied, " when you behold how I am mocked and shunned by the lovely being I adore? Have you so little recollection of the more stormy period of your life, as to witness this, and yet wonder that it should affect me?"

"Nay, I see nothing but good-humoured playfulness, in the manner of Harriet's leaving you."

"But she does leave me. Had she expressed detestation of me, and remained, I should have been comparatively happy."

"She is very young, and as yet can hardly be expected to know her own mind. It may not always be thus."

"It *shall* not always be thus," Sir James retorted with energy, which, in the view of Mr. Burleigh, embodied quite as much resentment as affection. The Baronet seemed conscious of this, and added,—"But forgive my warmth. You have known me from infancy, and know me a fretful impatient wretch; but, where so mighty a stake as your daughter is to be won, I think you cannot blame me for ardour in the cause. She may retire; but I will pursue, and never, never, can I relinquish the hope of pos-

sessing her hand, and of being ennobled with the title of your son-in-law."

Mr. Burleigh courteously replied, thanked Sir James for the complimentary expressions he had used, and remarking that time had accomplished things much more wonderful, attempted to change the conversation. But Sir James had no leisure. Having received the good wishes of his friends, bade adieu to Harriet, as she passed before the window in the garden, he prepared for his de-departure. His servant was near, and now, by his direction, brought his horse to the door. He mounted, and waving his hand, was out of sight in a few moments.

The evening was fine, and Mrs. Burleigh was prevailed upon to walk. It was the first time that she had ventured out, since the attempt to carry off Harriet. Mr. Burleigh pointed out the spot from which she had been snatched by

ruffians, and that on which he had had the happiness of receiving her from the hands of the generous stranger who had rescued her. They recalled all the circumstances of that memorable night; and shuddering at the danger, they rejoiced in the merciful interposition which had so unexpectedly defeated the outrage.

But who the ruffians were, and who the deliverer of Harriet, were circumstances over which the darkest veil of mystery was thrown. The most active exertions on the part of Mr. Burleigh, had failed to discover any clue by which the guilty might be brought to justice, and to an advertisement addressed to A. B., an answer had been returned, only to state that "when Mr. Burleigh could announce that his evidence was wanted against the ruffians who had seized Harriet, the writer would not fail to be forthcoming."

Returned from their walk, Mr. Burleigh spoke to Harriet on the pretensions

of Sir James, and desired to know if she remained true to the resolution she had before announced. Her answer was, that she had seen nothing to induce her to change it; and whatever his personal advantages might be, and however brilliant his future prospects, she hoped her father would never lay his commands upon her to think of him but as a friend or an acquaintance.

"I certainly never will," he replied. "I will give a child of mine no excuse for deceiving me, by requiring the sacrifice of her own feelings to forward my views. In choosing a companion for life, it is but reasonable that the parties most affected by the choice, should be, in every instance consulted. Though life is but a brief pilgrimage, our beneficent Creator has bounteously ordained that it should teem with comforts for those who are prudent enough to seek them, and rational enough to appreciate them when found: and no source of happiness can

be named, that is at once so pure and so copious, as that which is found in the union of congenial minds, — suitable ages, and well-assorted tempers. Your mother can tell you that I speak from experience."

"But every good has its evil," said Mrs. Burleigh; "every joy has a sorrow in its train. That we have been most happy is undoubtedly true; but even this happiness will resolve itself eventually into pain. How sad will that period be when it arrives, which demonstrates that the sentence pronounced by the Eternal against all our offending race, is about to be carried into effect against one of us! How terrible our final separation!"

"Some painful moments must be endured no doubt. We cannot part, but with reluctance, from the form we have long loved and cherished; and fond regret will tearfully linger round the grave of the departed. But religion teaches that

that separation shall not be final." "Death," Dr. Franklin has well remarked, "is as necessary to our constitution as sleep; we shall wake refreshed in the morning." This thought is fancifully illustrated in the last "Literary Gazette." The article I allude to is not long. Harriet will read it to you."

Here Mr. Burleigh directed the attention of his daughter to a little poem in the publication which he had mentioned; and Harriet, in compliance with the wish just expressed, read it aloud: —

"INFANCY AND MATURITY.

"'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated;
And with the titles of a sire,
My ears expected to be greeted.
But vain the thought; by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or, nodding, rolled from side to side.

"'Let this young rogue be sent to bed.'
More I had not had time to say;
When the poor urchin raised his head,
To beg that he might longer stay.

Refused, — towards rest his steps he bent,
With tearful eye and aching heart;
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

" For new delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded; — wildly craved the boon:
Though past the usual time, he cried
At being sent to bed so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shared;
(Who hears, unmov'd, his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despaired,
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

" ' Alas! poor infant!' I exclaimed,
' Thy father blushes now to scan,
In those complaints he lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed;
Pourtray, of man, the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead.'

" And more I thought, — while up the stairs,
With ' longing, lingering looks' he crept;
To mark, of man, the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals on Life's later stage,
When Nature claims their forfeit breath;
Still sigh for wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

" 'Tis morn! and see my smiling boy,
Awakes to hail returning light;
To reckless laughter — boundless joy —
Forgot the tears of yesternight.

Thus, shall not man forget his woe? —
  Survive of age and death the gloom? —
Smile at the cares deplored below?
  And, renovated, burst the tomb?

" O! my Creator! when thy will,
  Shall stretch this form on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
  'Till mem'ry,— sense, — life, — all are fled.
And, grateful for what thou mayest give,
  No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 'twas thy pleasure I should live,
  That 'tis thy mandate bids me die."

All approved of the sentiments embodied in the poem; and, after a few comments on it, their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who, unbidden, attended at the hour of ten, to spread the last simple meal of the day. Of this, having sparingly partaken, Mr. Burleigh said he would retire, as he felt unusually heavy for sleep. Before pronouncing " the parting word, good night," he expressed an intention of rising early, and of walking on the Twickenham side of the river, if the morning should prove fine; and it was arranged that Harriet should ac-

company him. Mr. Burleigh was always impatient of any want of punctuality; and, to guard against this, he made it a rule to name the precise hour at which an appointment was to be attended to; and a few minutes before it arrived, those who had business to transact, or pleasure to pursue with him, were always sure of finding him perfectly ready. He named the hour of six for their departure.

Harriet, aware of the peculiarity of her father which has been noticed, when a singularly brilliant morning awoke her from repose, lost no time in preparing for the intended walk. She rose at five, and found herself ready to join him, while more than half an hour was wanting to the time he had named. Resolved to wait for him in the garden, she playfully tapped at his chamber door as she passed, to let him know how much she had been on the alert. When in the garden she perceived his window open, and expected every moment to see him,

as, from the sash being thrown up, it seemed quite plain that he was stirring: but the clock struck six, and he came not. And now Harriet thought of the playful reproof she might bestow on her father, for a failure which he would have been so prompt to censure in her. She knocked at his door, but received no answer. It was half past six, and he had not made his appearance; she therefore felt justified in making another effort to disturb him, but this was attended with no better success than the former. Concluding that he was unusually heavy for sleep, she would not knock very loud, and again betook herself to the garden. Seven o'clock passed; eight sounded; and still she waited in vain. It was now too late for the walk they had planned; but when two more hours had passed, and her father still remained invisible, she began to feel surprise resolving itself into alarm, in which Mrs. Burleigh participated. Repeated efforts to wake the

sleeper proved useless; and at length it became but too apparent that something extraordinary had happened. The apprehensions of the family increased, — they became unbearable; and, finally, it was resolved that the door should be forced. This was done, and a spectacle of indescribable horror was disclosed. Mr. Burleigh was found lifeless, — cold, — and covered with blood. A surgeon was sent for; and he arrived in time to be of service to Mrs. Burleigh and Harriet; but he instantly declared that from Mr. Burleigh, the vital spark had fled for ever.

CHAP. XII.

" Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any, that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert, round their evening fire,
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel harps at midnight's witching hour."

ROGERS.

THE necessary preliminary steps having been taken on the third day after the decease of Mr. Burleigh, the Coroner for the county, Mr. Catastrophe, arrived to hold an inquest on the body. It was thought convenient, that the jury should meet at the nearest inn; and there having assembled at an early hour, Mr. Catastrophe, after ordering breakfast, proposed that they should adjourn to the house of the late Mr. Burleigh,

in order to take a view of the subject of their intended deliberations. This suggestion was of course promptly attended to, and the jury left the inn to pay their solemn visit in due form.

Mr. Catastrophe had seen about sixty years, and had held his present situation for a long period. Now verging on old age, his sleek countenance told that he had lived well, and though the upper part of his head was completely bald, the fine polish that adorned it might, in the eyes of many, appear a greater embellishment to his person, than the hair which in his younger days had flourished on that spot. A skulking wrinkle or two, had found their way into the neighbourhood of his eyebrows; but these, combined with a habit which he had of half closing his eyes, seemed rather to attest the shrewdness than to record the years of the man; and the vigour of his movements and the vivacity of his deportment, might easily have caused a

moderately attentive beholder, to mistake him for a man of forty-five or fifty.

Having reached the house, the jurors were ushered with awful silence into the chamber where the body lay. The curtains were closed round the bed; but these being withdrawn, by direction of the coroner, the ghastly object of the inquest lay exposed to their view, and they saw the remains of Mr. Burleigh. The night-cap on his head was stained with blood, and his face presented similar stains, which came in frightful contrast with the pale sallow hue of death. His eyes were half open, and his mouth widely distended as fixed in the last agonising gasp for breath. The neck was terrifically discoloured from a wound which had been inflicted there; but his bosom presented a still more appalling spectacle in the clots of dark blood, which had become congealed as the stream of life flowed from the heart. These half covered the fatal instrument by which the

deceased had perished, the poniard that lay by the side of the dead man.

The jurors started in speechless horror, and stood aghast for some moments, without attempting to utter a word. After a pause, their eyes were turned towards Mr. Catastrophe, as if to enquire whether they might now quit the dreadful scene. That gentleman, serenely waiting for the shock to subside, had filled up the minute which must previously elapse by taking a pinch of snuff, and was by this time gracefully tapping his box preparatory to the introduction of his thumb and finger for a second. He politely handed the fragrant mixture to those who turned round, and after restoring his box to his pocket, he proceeded to business.

"Gentlemen, you see how it is.—Draw that curtain a little further, John.—You see how it is. The deceased has evidently received two wounds from a poniard, or some other sharp pointed in-

strument.—I beg your pardon, Sir; I believe I trod on your toe. — This poniard was in all probability used: I perhaps ought rather to say abused; but, however, we are not to quibble on words on the present awful occasion. So, as I was saying,—will you allow me to pass you, Sir?—the deceased evidently lost his life in bed. You see the wounds which have been inflicted. Bless my soul! the clock's striking eleven, and I must be in town by five to dress, as I dine out. I say gentlemen, you see the situation in which we have found the deceased, the state of the room, and so forth. For my own part, I don't perceive any very remarkable features in the case at present. We shall learn more of it from the evidence; so, gentlemen, it will be unnecessarily consuming your valuable time to detain you longer here."

Acting on the recommendation of Mr. Catastrophe, the jurors retraced their steps. On their way from the inn a

dismal gloom invaded every countenance, and even after their return, a strong expression of horror remained. But few days had passed since they had seen Mr. Burleigh in the bosom of his family, apparently realising the brightest visions of earthly felicity that aspiring man can cherish. That he, whose happiness, but for his mild deportment and unostentatious benevolence, all would have envied — who, exempt from the common ills of life, they had ever found cheerfully serene, and rationally gay, should have been presented to them, a hideously swollen and blood-stained corpse — to all appearance a self-murderer, seemed a frightful dream. Occupied with such thoughts, the procession, as it followed the tranquil and assured step of Mr. Catastrophe, presented a most sorrowful aspect; and the eye cast down, the pale face, and disordered gait, sufficiently indicated the strong impression made on the minds of the individuals who formed the jury.

Arrived at the inn, a blazing fire, (the morning being rather damp,) and a well-carpeted room, seemed, at first, wholly lost on the melancholy train. Mr. Catastrophe, however, proved that he was not bereft of that presence of mind which is necessary to the just performance of the important duties confided to the coroner of a county, by stirring the fire, ringing the bell, and ordering breakfast to be brought in with all expedition.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, "we must proceed to business without loss of time. — How d'ye do, Mr. Muddle; my mind has been so taken up, that really I did not perceive I had the pleasure of meeting an old neighbour on the inquest. — I wonder what the people of this house are about. — Will you be so good as to touch that bell again. — I am sure we must all stand in need of something to carry us through such a day as this. O! here it comes. Why you've brought no eggs."

"They are coming, Sir, directly," the waiter replied.

"Coming directly! I hope you'll make more haste with them, than you've made with any thing else. Send some ham up, too: do you hear? and don't make us wait an hour."

The animation of Mr. Coroner soon began to operate on his colleagues. The death-like gloom which had fallen on them began to vanish before the bright sun of his vivacity, and the comforts fast accumulating around them. Each began to reflect and "inwardly to digest," with *other matter*, that though life is brief and precarious, it contains some delights which rational men should not fail to seize while they may; as, whether they do so or not, they must be exposed to the same perils, and must finally sink beneath the inevitable stroke of death. The beneficial progress of these considerations was soon perceptible, in the tranquil air with which the party by the time the orders of the

coroner had been duly attended to, were prepared to go through the ceremonies of breakfast, though these had been solemnized, in the usual way, by at least half the company, before the arrival of Mr. Catastrophe.

"A very melancholy business this that has called us together," he remarked, with a grave air, at the same time dismissing his egg-cup, with the incumbent shell, and reaching a second egg. "A very melancholy business, upon my honour. I do not know that any thing has occurred to affect me so much for a long time. I have really not been myself since I first heard of it.—Shall I trouble you to send me a slice of that ham, while your hand's in."

"It is, indeed, very melancholy."—"Very melancholy, indeed," ran round the room, in a sort of irregular chorus.

"I was shocked beyond measure.—Not quite so much fat, if you please," Mr. Catastrophe proceeded, addressing

himself to the gentleman who was then in the act of complying with his requisition for a new supply of ham. "There, that's just the thing. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but really my appetite is so much impaired that I am obliged to study it more than formerly.—Mr. Burleigh was a man very much respected I believe, and this event. — Another cup, if you please. — What was I going to say? — O! Mrs. Muddle — I quite forgot to ask after her, I hope she is well."

"Very poorly, indeed."

"Bless me, I'm extremely sorry to hear it. I hope nothing dangerous. In the old way, I suppose. She'll be better in eight or nine months. — Hey! You can't leave off your old tricks."

Here Mr. Catastrophe treated the company with a laugh, in which, his eye glancing archly round the table, invited all present to join. Most of the gentlemen, by distending their nostrils, and

giving them, with the upper lip, a slight elevation, so as to imitate that arrangement of the features which, rising above a smile, gets half way to a laugh, had the complacency to indicate that they understood the drift of Mr. Catastrophe's wit. After being refreshed with a few more sallies, nearly or altogether as brilliant, the real business of the day was commenced under very favourable circumstances, as the jury were so far recovered by the good things they had seen, heard, and tasted, that the morbid sensibility which had, at first, threatened to impede the fair exercise of their reasoning faculties, was, thanks to the meritorious exertions and wise arrangements of Mr. Catastrophe, completely dissipated.

The servants of the deceased proved, that Mr. Burleigh had been alive, and, apparently, in good health, on the night preceding the morning on which he was found dead in his bed. Several of them remembered that his air and manner, had

been strange of late. One had seen him reading in the garden, when his mind appeared so unusually abstracted, that he neither saw the deponent, nor a flower-pot which stood in his way, till he had nearly fallen over it. About the same period he had called another *John*, whose name was *Thomas;* and one day, when news was taken to him, in his study, that dinner was on table, he started up with an air of surprise, exclaiming, "Bless me!—I forgot that I had not dined."

The medical gentleman who had been called in when the first alarm was given, described, with much technical parade, the situation in which the deceased had been found, and the wounds which he had received. He had sought, but in vain, to discover any pulsation in the wrist, or in the region of the heart. Witness was of opinion that the deceased's death was occasioned by loss of blood, from the wound in his breast; and by

the obstruction of breathing caused by the stab in his wind-pipe. Both wounds were evidently inflicted by the poniard found on the bed.

John Jackson, a gentleman's servant, deposed that he had seen a man jump over Mr. Burleigh's garden wall, between one and two in the morning, and run away immediately on perceiving him on the outside; but, supposing it to be Frank Tibbins, Betty Notable's sweetheart, he did not give any alarm.

Betty Notable, the housemaid, was next examined. She admitted that Frank Tibbins had been with her in the garden after the rest of the family had retired for the night; and also that he had made good his retreat by leaping from the wall. She, however, denied that it was so late as one o'clock. In all her statements she was corroborated by the evidence of Frank Tibbins.

A paper was now produced, which had been found on the table of the deceased,

and was supposed to have been written immediately before the rash act was committed. It was signed with his name, and ran as follows: —

"*To those I leave behind me.*

"Life has become an intolerable burden to me, which I think, after bearing it so long, I have a right to lay down. I leave this, that it may be known the deed I am about to commit is my own act, that no other mortal may be suspected of that crime (if it be one) which is mine, and mine alone.

"GEORGE BURLEIGH."

The note was viewed with the most intense interest by the whole of the jurors, and listened to with the most thrilling sensations of awe.

It escaped not the eye of Mr. Catastrophe that they were much affected; and he forthwith remarked, that, after the fatigue they had already undergone,

a glass of Madeira and a sandwich would be no bad things to introduce in this stage of the proceedings, before they called witnesses to prove the hand-writing of the deceased. He accordingly rung the bell, and the landlord attending on the instant, the order was given.

When the wine made its appearance, the coroner, after tasting it, pronounced a verdict in its favour. The gentlemen of the jury, one after another, took a glass on his recommendation, and presently felt themselves very considerably relieved. In the breathing time thus afforded, Mr. Muddle enquired of Mr. Catastrophe, when he had seen their friend Squire Freakish.

"Met him," replied the coroner, "by mere chance, this day week, at our old house, the King's Arms. We had a quest there, on a lady who was burnt to death. I arrived too soon, and luckily stumbled on Jack Freakish; so we played a game at billiards till the jurors arrived.

He waited for me till it was over. I soon knocked off the business, and then we dined together at the King's Arms; had some of Swig's best — number thirty-five. You remember the number. The binn is not out yet, but it gets low. We had a very merry day together, I assure you."

The sandwiches were now brought in, and the landlord made his appearance, to express regret that there was no cold fowl in the house. This was kindly excused by Mr. Catastrophe, who, however, remarked that some of the gentlemen might prefer a glass of Port, and it might therefore be as well to bring in a bottle. He added:

"Of course the family have given orders to have every thing provided for the accommodation of the gentlemen of the jury, that may be required."

"Sir?"

The note of interrogation that accompanied the monosyllable, which last

escaped the landlord, was not exactly to the taste of the coroner. To him there appeared something suspicious in it. He therefore went on:

"I say the family have, as a matter of course, directed you to provide whatever may be requisite for the accommodation of the gentlemen on the inquest."

"No sir; I have received no orders from any one but yourself; but I shall be very happy to supply whatever Mr. Catastrophe may think proper to call for. — Did you say a bottle of Port?"

"Hey! — yes — stay — gentlemen, shall we have any Port this morning? It's rather early to begin drinking Port."

All the jurors, who had been perfectly willing that a bottle of Port should crown the festivity of the morning, while they supposed somebody else was to pay for it, now declared, *unâ voce*, that they could not drink Port before dinner; so

the question was carried in the negative, and the landlord left the room.

Mr. Catastrophe looked unusually grave. He had ordered refreshments, and the jurors might suppose, unless he gave them to understand the contrary, that if no one else came forward, he intended to pay for them out of his own pocket. This apprehension gave his feelings a very severe shock.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is really quite unprecedented. On an inquest like this, it was of course to be supposed that the friends of the deceased, whom we all know to be rolling in wealth, would have taken especial care that the jurors should be properly accommodated. Lord Burleigh, for the sake of a brother, I should have expected, would have looked to this, even though confined to his chamber by the gout. However, gentlemen, you see how it is: we are left to make a Yorkshire club of it."

The jurors were unanimously of opinion that some accommodation ought to have been provided by the relations of the deceased; the sandwiches and Madeira were not relished half so well as the breakfast had been, and the suspended enquiry was resumed with much sullen dignity.

Several witnesses who knew the hand writing of Mr. Burleigh were examined, all of whom believed, — were confident, — had no doubt that the paper produced to them had been written by the deceased. Two or three persons came forward to prove acts of insanity; but what they deposed served only to show that much occasional abstraction of mind had been remarked in Mr. Burleigh, and the former evidence on this subject was not at all strengthened by what these witnesses advanced.

The coroner, when he came to sum up, addressing the jury, said, "In the earlier stages of this business, he had

inclined to the opinion that the deceased was insane when he committed the fatal act; but he confessed that he was much staggered by the paper which had been produced, and which had been proved to be in Mr. Burleigh's hand-writing. That which had been advanced to prove insanity, he could not help thinking, went rather to indicate that mental absence which was not uncommon in men of studious habits, than any positive derangement of intellect. They had, however, first to consider, whether the wounds had been inflicted by the deceased himself, or by some other hand. On this head he thought the evidence quite conclusive; and having briefly stated to them the law applicable to self-murder, he left it to them to decide on the merits of the case."

After deliberating for about an hour, the jury decided that the deceased died by his own hand, and returned a verdict of *Felo de se.*

Mr. Catastrophe immediately entered the verdict, and signed the necessary documents, directing the interment of the deceased in the cross-roads, and claiming his property for the crown. While mechanically affixing his name to the papers presented for signature by his clerk, he called for the bill. This produced, he ascertained to a fraction what each had to pay, named the sum which it would be proper to give to the waiter, and put down his share of the reckoning. Then having made a few additional remarks on the unfeeling conduct of the relatives of the deceased, in failing to attend to the accommodation of the gentlemen summoned to enquire how he came by his end; he ordered his gig to the door, and bade all present good morning, after declining a civil invitation from Mr. Muddle for the following day, on the ground that he had to hold an inquest on the body of a man whose head had been crushed to pieces

by a steam-engine, and was fearful the business would hardly be over in time to admit of his dining with a party of friends, whom he was extremely anxious to accompany to the new comedy.

CHAP. XIII.

" O Thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe :
When first distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe." COLLINS's *Ode to Pity.*

THE return of day brought no solace to Henry. Exhausted, partly by fatigue, but more from mental anguish, even the sad tranquillity of despair was denied to him, and the shrieks of a frantic mother, or the sobs of a fainting sister, incessantly called for assistance from him, who could not but with difficulty sustain himself.

Thus sadly passed the hours till noon, when an earnest request to be permitted to see the ladies, was received from

Sir James Denville. The baronet was at Dover when the newspapers, containing the mournful account of Mr. Burleigh's death, were received. On reading this, he returned with all possible expedition to London. He got to Richmond an hour or two before Henry, but considering the peculiar circumstances of their situation, he contented himself with sending his respects to Mrs. and Miss Burleigh, and declining to intrude on their sorrows that night, expressed a hope that he might be permitted to condole with them in the morning.

On entering, Sir James took the hand of the mother with an air of the tenderest regard, and pressed it to his lips. He attempted the language of consolation, but the words he would have uttered died away in faultering murmurs, and his agitation was increased, when his eyes fell on the pale and "woe begone" Harriet. In that moment she seemed falling from her chair. He flew to her

support, caught her in his arms, and replaced her in her seat, while he conjured her with equal earnestness and piety, to bear the calamity which had fallen on her family and herself with fortitude, and hoping still for the best, to submit with becoming resignation to the will of the Supreme disposer of events, whose mysterious dispensations it was not for blind and erring mortals to arraign, or even for an instant to question.

This admonition, however well-suited to the occasion, produced little effect on the party to whom it was addressed; as, if heard at all, it was but very imperfectly understood. Sir James quitted Harriet, again to approach her parent; and turning to her, he started at seeing Henry, whom till then he had not perceived. He embraced him in silence, but with all the eager warmth of friendship; and, after labouring for some mo-

ments to stifle the emotions of his heart, he solemnly exclaimed:

"This is a sad meeting, Mr. Burleigh."

Henry replied not but by shaking the hand which clasped his. Sir James made several attempts to engage the ladies in conversation; but failing in each, he felt that this was not a proper time for prolonging his visit, and accordingly retired. At his request, Henry accompanied him down stairs, where, finding themselves alone, Sir James gave freer vent to his feelings than he had had an opportunity of doing before.

"Never," said he, "never can I forget the dreadful agony of mind, with which I read the heart-rending account of your good father's death. I felt my blood curdle at my heart, and a general convulsion of nature could not have inspired in me, a more horrible consternation. You feel deeply the irreparable

loss which you have sustained. To you he was an excellent parent; but nature gave you a claim on his benevolence which could not be set aside. He was more than a father to me, who had no such claim to urge. The calamity is therefore even greater in my case than in yours. Your affliction is great; but mine is infinite."

"Misery cannot be measured, Sir James. Your sensibility has been deeply wounded; but that your anguish can transcend mine, is not within the range of things possible."

"True, my dear friend; misery cannot be very accurately measured, as you say. I doubt not our feelings are much alike. Bitterly do I lament the accident which prevented me from seeing the fatal intelligence, the first hour it was received at Dover. As it happened, half a day was lost, or I might have been sufficiently early for the coroner's inquest. But it is of no use to look back now. Had I

but arrived in time, I might have given such evidence as would have prevented that brutal verdict."

"How! Could you have proved that my father did not fall by his own hand?"

This question was put with an eagerness that surprised the baronet; and for several seconds he gazed on the inquirer in silent astonishment.

"You amaze me by asking that question!"

"I understood you to use words to that effect. Did you not say, that your evidence, if it had been given, would have produced a different verdict?"

"*That*, I did say, and that I sincerely believe; but as to proving he did not die by his own hand — that I am sorry to say was wholly out of the question. No, my dear Sir, I could not have proved any thing of that sort; but I think I might have satisfied the coroner and

his colleagues that the deceased was in a state of insanity."

"Indeed!"

"I am sure of it. I have seen your father more frequently than you have of late. The conversations I have had with him on various subjects, have really been of such a character, that for a very considerable period, I have thought his intellect not what it used to be."

"I am surprised to hear this. From no one else did I ever receive the slightest intimation of that change in his deportment, which appears to have fixed your attention."

"What I have said, you may rest assured is the truth. I have had conversations with him about your sister; and perhaps you will be surprised to hear that he actually refused me, when I offered to become his son-in-law."

"I was not aware that he had refused you, Sir James."

"He absolutely rejected me, and

spurned at the same time an offer highly for your advantage, of which I will say no more at present. His conduct, I think, with respect to Harriet, is sufficient to prove my judgment correct."

"On the subject of the honour (so he always called it) that you had done him, by offering to marry into his family, he has spoken, and repeatedly written to me; and I cannot say that any symptom of mental derangement ever appeared connected with what fell from his tongue, or his pen on such occasions."

"Well, but the refusal itself—"

"Might be extraordinary, all circumstances considered; but certainly my father was a man whose actions were often at variance with the common calculations of prudence. Were I to give an opinion, I should say, that he delayed to give his consent, but never made up his mind to refuse the proposed connection."

"If you had heard his conversations

with me, your opinion, my dear Henry, would have been very different. For my own part, I am convinced of his insanity; and you must agree with me, that, had he been of sound mind, he would never thus have rushed into the presence of a justly offended Creator."

"I am not more certain of my own existence," cried Henry, with warmth, "than I am that my dear father was insane when he committed this dreadful act, if indeed he did commit it."

"*If!*" echoed the baronet, "*If!* he did commit it. Why, good God! Can you — can you doubt? — What do your words imply?"

"Both doubt and suspicion."

"Suspicion of whom? Doubt of what?"

"I hardly know what I say; and my mind is such a frightful chaos, that its few unarranged and imperfectly formed ideas, I should fear to utter to any other person. With you Sir James, on this

subject I can have no reserve; and in your presence I hesitate not to affirm, that I suspect my honoured father to have been murdered."

The blood fled from the baronet's cheek as the last word was uttered. The horrible idea seemed too much for him; and he faintly exclaimed,

"Good God!"

"I do believe it."

"But, why?" enquired Sir James, with a strong expression of incredulity in his countenance. "Who could be capable of a crime so appalling?"

"The wretch, the villain, the monster, whose execrable barbarity but recently assailed the peace and honour of my revered parent, in the person of his only daughter."

Sir James seemed riveted to the spot in silent horror. Henry continued,

"I cannot but think that I see a connection between the two acts. The villain who had so nearly succeeded in

carrying off my sister, has basely revenged his defeat, by assassinating the parent of his intended victim."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Sir James.

"The idea gains strength with each succeeding moment. — But I shall trace the blood-hound to his retreat. The clue will not be for ever wanting. Will you not join to hunt the monster from his hiding place? to expose his infamy to the world, and give the sacrilegious miscreant that death of shame he merits?"

The wildness of Henry's manner became alarming. Sir James darted a piercing glance at him, which seemed to search his very heart. Henry perceived it, and remarked on it.

"I know, my friend, your feelings. You suspect that I am bewildered myself. No such thing. The settled impression on my mind is, that my father was no self-murderer. Convinced of that, my

soul can never know peace, till the assassin shall be brought to his account."

"To me it appears, that you are rash in coming to such a conclusion."

"Not at all.—That which you would kindly regard as insanity, and were anxious to depose to, in the hope of saving my father's fame, and the property forfeited by the crime, which he is supposed to have committed, I can view in no such light. I believe him to have been of sound mind up to the hour when he retired on that fatal night, which witnessed his dissolution."

"But you forget the evidence given before the coroner; "and here Sir James reminded him of the depositions of several witnesses. When he mentioned the note which had been produced, and which purported to be the confession of the deceased, that he raised his hand against his own life, Henry was staggered, and impatiently enquired for that paper. Sir James was also anxious to see it, and

both on the instant united their efforts to obtain a view of it. It was produced; and, at the first glance, Sir James shook his head, and handed it to Henry, who scrutinized it word by word, and letter by letter, but without being able to discover the smallest imperfection on which to hang suspicion. He was convinced that his father had written it, and to the question put to him by the baronet, as to whether he had now any doubt, he could only answer,

"I cannot question the hand-writing. It most certainly is that of my father."

And with these words he sunk into a chair, and folding his arms, seemed to retire within himself. Forgetful of the presence of Sir James, he no longer attempted to sustain a conversation. He did not even answer questions addressed to him, for he heard them not. His whole soul was occupied in a vain endeavour to account for the note being

written by his father, without believing him to be a suicide.

"It is all in vain," he at length said; "I cannot reasonably doubt what I have an invincible repugnance to believe."

"Would to heaven it could be doubted," said the baronet. "With you I would fly to the remotest quarter of the globe, to bring the atrocious homicide to justice."

He was expressing his gratitude to Sir James, when Mr. Hanson, bursting into the room, ran up to him and embraced him. Tears stood in his eyes, and this mark of sensibility made the friendly citizen appear more than ever amiable to the disconsolate Henry. Had he known the ideas which had recently passed, or were at that moment passing through the Deputy's mind, he would have been less affected by this symptom of tenderness.

On learning what had taken place in the family of Mr. Burleigh, which Mr. Han-

son did, the minute he reached home, he prepared for a visit of condolence on the following morning. On the way, Mr. Hanson thought it but prudent to prepare a little of his Common-council eloquence for the occasion. But when he arrived at Richmond, and learned that Mr. Burleigh had been interred in the cross-roads, and moreover, that the verdict of the jury had stripped those who survived him, of all the property acquired by the successful exercise of his talents, the features of the case appeared so essentially different from any thing he had previously contemplated, that it became in his mind a serious question, whether he should not, on the instant, retrace his steps. Reduced to poverty, Henry appeared no longer a proper match for Alexandrina, and he was therefore inclined to think his best course would be to return, and content himself with sending a letter to express his sorrow, and at the same time, to hint that he himself had

just sustained some very heavy losses, in order that the Burleighs might not be led to apply to him for any assistance, of which they might stand in need. He was about to act on these prudential considerations, when, having arrived at Mr. Burleigh's former house, it struck him, that the person left in charge of it since the absence of the family, could know nothing of him, and might afford him some curious, if not important information, and he determined on knocking and holding a conference with him, intending when this should be over, to commence his retreat.

But his feelings were soon affected in a different way. His feelings were inseparable from pounds, shillings, and pence, debtor and creditor accounts, and balances for and against. "What are other peoples' troubles to me?" was evermore the exclamation of Mr. Hanson, when alone with his family, if any case of peculiar distress happened to be men-

tioned. But curiosity now led him to enquire into all the particulars of the late event. The tidings that the family had fallen into distress, made little impression on him; but they suggested the expediency of promptly retiring, when the mention made of the names of Sir James Denville, and Lord Burleigh, at once produced a revolution in his mind. He learnt that the former was at that moment with Mrs. Burleigh, and was told, that the latter was hourly expected. That they were not deserted by their great connections, seemed to him a sufficient excuse for not deserting them. It now occurred to him, that through the influence and means of the two personages just mentioned, the blow which went to annihilate the fortune of the sufferers, might be averted, and Henry, instead of being a poor, friendless orphan, would, perhaps, be even while yet a minor, all he had calculated on seeing him at an advanced period of

life. These considerations operated so powerfully on his mind, that his friendship for the youth instantly returned, and with tears in his eyes he hastened to the retreat of Mrs. Burleigh, prepared for a grand theatrical display, which it has been seen commenced with a most affectionate embrace.

"My dear, dear, Henry," he exclaimed "could I have thought," (and here he sobbed,) "could it enter into the imagination of mortal man, when we last parted, that we should so soon meet, and under such heart-rending circumstances? Good heavens!" (here he looked very disconsolate,) "Can it be possible that my dear, honoured friend is no more? Can the glorious, ennobling spirit, which so recently animated his mortal frame have departed? and for ever! But no; he lives above the sky; and, superior to all mortal cares, only recognises anxiety when bestowing a glance of pity on those he loved, and who are unhappily left

behind in this vale of tears!" (Here he paused, and almost expected to be cheered with the applauding shout of "Hear, hear, hear.") "It is most calamitous that so good a man should thus suddenly be torn from life — from all those dear and tender connections that make — that make — all those dear and tender connections that make ——"

The Deputy laboured, but in vain, to recall the affecting *morceau*, which, in the speech that he had written for the occasion, concluded this sentence. Finding memory obstinate in retaining what he had confided to her in the expectation that it would be honourably brought forth when wanted, he thought in the absence of words, emotion was their best substitute, and accordingly beating his head and breast: he appeared wholly unable to go on from excess of feeling. After a few moments he proceeded to vent a few short sentences, such as "dear Burleigh!"—"kind Burleigh!"—"the best

creature in the world!"—"to lose such a friend, in such a way, is not to be borne;" and then his distress became so great, that he had some thoughts of tearing his hair, and his hands were carried to the upper part of his person, seemingly for that purpose, but timely reflection suggested that it could avail nothing to sacrifice an excellent wig to the manes of Mr. Burleigh; and he prudently suffered his hands to descend to his bosom, without committing any outrage by the way.

Henry felt too much real grief himself, to suspect for a moment that affliction could be feigned by any one; and the Deputy's exhibition on him had all the effect Mr. Hanson could desire. That person now found leisure to introduce himself to Sir James Denville. This it had just then occurred to him was necessary, as Mr. Burleigh was too much absorbed by the melancholy event which had led to this interview, to pay due

attention to the established usages of polite society. Sir James received the greetings of the citizen with much condescension and civility; and the latter, after treating the baronet and Henry with the usual string of pious consolatory sentences, which supply the place of an epilogue to the awful dramas of real life, retired well satisfied with his own performance, and the reception i t ad met with from an indulgent though not very discriminating audience, and promising speedily to return, in the hope of finding the ladies a little more composed. It is but justice to say, that before he took his leave, he repeatedly declared himself ready and anxious to do any, and every thing, that might lay in his power to serve the family of his deceased friend. When Sir James Denville announced that he had had it from good authority, that Lord Burleigh intended to provide for Henry, Mr. Hanson mingled with his congratulations,

many expressions of regret; declaring, at the same time, that had his Lordship's resolution been different, he should have felt happy to take that task upon himself, in order to mark the reverence which he must ever cherish for the name, the memory, and every thing connected with his dear, departed, inestimable friend, Mr. Burleigh.

CHAP. XIV.

"Pride is seldom delicate; it will please itself with very mean advantages: and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others."
DR. JOHNSON.

THOSE meritorious individuals who devote their lives to the amusement of the public, the managers of our national theatres, in their efforts to divert and edify the town, commonly provide that a deep tragedy shall be succeeded by a broad farce. Whether this arises merely from a wish to throw variety into their evening's bill of fare, or whether it proceeds from a conviction in the minds of those profound observers of nature, that in the great world such is invariably the case, and that, therefore, such an arrangement is essential to sustain the

character of the philosophers who preside over the mimic scene, we shall not now stop to enquire. It is enough for us to state the fact, that such transitions, from the mournful to the merry, are every-day occurrences; and now, the tragedy being over, in humble imitation of them, we know of no just impediment in the way of our proceeding with the farce.

The sudden death of an individual gives a shock to all who are in any way connected with him, and in the first days of surprise, acute feeling, warm sympathy, and real benevolence, rally round his coffin; and the most soothing promises of future kindness are liberally bestowed, to raise the spirits of the destitute, and the disconsolate. But the ghastly, lifeless object of their sorrow vanishes in a few days. The excited feelings subside into their former sluggish tranquillity; cold calculation succeeds to feverish sensibility; anxiety to relieve resolves itself into barren commiseration;

and promises, made in the heat of the moment, when the scene of calamity first opened on the view, are too often remembered no more, or remembered but as innocent expedients to cheer the sufferer, which, having answered the purpose for which they were fashioned, are not to be fulfilled but at some very remote period; and then only if it should happen to be perfectly convenient.

When the death of Mr. Burleigh was first known, the tidings spread universal horror; and the verdict of the jury was with some the subject of reprobation; with all the theme of regret. The most lively interest was excited for the unfortunate situation of the surviving members of his family; and the only topic of consolation that could be started, was the reflection, that they were not without powerful friends, and opulent relations. Those nearly connected with Mr. Burleigh, were much touched by the deplorable event; and such was the effect of

it on Lord Burleigh, that, for once, his icy heart was surprised into a glow of generous compassion, and he did not scruple to declare, "that he should ever regard the family of his brother as his own;" and he especially announced it to be his determination, as Sir James Denville had correctly informed Mr. Hanson, to provide for Henry in a manner becoming his birth and recent expectations.

But when the event became more familiar to the mind of his Lordship, he soon perceived that to consider the family of his brother as his own, and to provide for them, would bring on him an expense that would make such a mark of respect for the deceased exceedingly inconvenient. He was therefore careful not to repeat the declaration; and it forcibly struck him, that if some arrangement could be made which would enable the widow to provide for herself and her

children, the economy of the plan would atone for some little sacrifice of dignity.

With these feelings, through his interference, though exercised in an underhanded way, a meeting was called of those who were deemed the friends of the late Mr. Burleigh, about a week after his interment, for the purpose of considering what could be done for the family. The parties were invited to assemble at the little cottage to which Mrs. Burleigh had retired, for the convenience of referring to her, if this should seem necessary, in order to ascertain what were her future views; what she might be disposed to attempt, and in what it was most probable that she would succeed.

They came at the time appointed, and proceeded to business with little delay. Lord Burleigh was still confined by indisposition, but his Lady did not fail to attend. She had a delicate part to act. Condescension and affability were to be

displayed, in order to induce others to make an effort which she and her worthy Lord felt ought to be made by themselves. But it was necessary to guard against inviting to any unseemly familiarity, the distant relations or slight acquaintances who assisted on the occasion. It was necessary to plead inability to succour the sufferers; but, at the same time, the interests of vanity, the pride of rank, and the pomp of affluence, were not to be compromised.

Some very solemn remarks on the melancholy event which had called them together opened the proceedings.

"It was painful, at all times, to lose friends by the relentless stroke of death, but doubly shocking when they perished by violent means — and still more calamitous when they rashly raised their hands against themselves."—"The event deplored was so much the more terrible as none of them could be, in the slightest degree, prepared for it." — "The news

had made some of them ill." — " Mr. Burleigh was almost the last man that they should have expected to commit suicide;" and " Who could have thought it?" with other observations and reflections equally appropriate and original, went round the apartment with universal approbation, each adopting the exclamation of the person above him, and echoing it to the next, that it might be forwarded through the circle.

Lady Burleigh expressed herself happy to meet with so many kind friends, assembled to pay respect to the memory of her departed brother.

" He was an excellent man"—" Notwithstanding the fatal act which had terminated his life, they were desirous of showing their regard to his memory" — " They had never respected any man so much in all their lives," — were the answers which were immediately forwarded to her Ladyship.

She then went on to inform them of the lamentable situation in which the widow and family of Mr. Burleigh were left.

All present instantly resolved, that "it was a sad thing."

Her Ladyship proceeded to lament the inability of Lord Burleigh to place them in that situation, which he could wish them to occupy. He had determined on patronising the son, so that, in time, he would be able to provide for his mother and sister, and beyond that his Lordship could not go at present. It was his anxious wish to do every thing in his power, but the enormous expense he had been put to by the late election of his eldest son, the sums laid out in enclosing Skinflint Common, and the charge for erecting a new country-house, which was about to be begun, and which, according to the lowest estimate, would amount to four thousand pounds, were, at present, so severely felt, that she had

almost determined not to go to Bath this season, purely from motives of economy.

This sensible speech was generally adopted as a model. One pressed on the meeting the consideration of the vast expense thrown upon him by his two sons at college, as, (how others managed he knew not,) he found that they would not prosecute their studies if they were not indulged with their ponies and sailing-boats. A second had just lost ten thousand pounds by the failure of Dub-up's banking-house; and a third was engaged in a Chancery suit, to carry on which, in a proper manner, demanded, annually, nearly the half of his income.

"To be sure," her Ladyship resumed, "the pressure of which I have spoken is but temporary, and the improvements now in progress will ultimately be highly beneficial to the family. But if they do produce an additional four or five thousand pounds per annum some years hence, that will avail nothing at

present, and it is necessary that something should be done now."

She was imitated as before.

"To be sure, the boys would not be always at college. — Dubup might go on again, and the Chancery suit would, in all probability, be gained, — but then something must be done now."

These were, in substance, the replies of the preceding speakers. All seemed agreed that something must immediately be done.

Lady Burleigh repeated, "that it was impossible for his Lordship to offer any pecuniary advance; and, indeed, none could be expected from him."

This speech was instantly parodied as the others had been, and it was soon unanimously carried, that no pecuniary aid could be offered, and that none ought to be expected, from any of them.

"But there are ways of making money," one of the company remarked.

"And respectable ways, too," added

Lady Burleigh, " and I should hope Mrs. Burleigh will not be above attending to any hint that may be thrown out, on this subject, for her advantage."

" Many people," said Mr. Broadbent, (a cousin of Mr. Burleigh's, who had been articled to an attorney, and subsequently brought into extensive practice by the deceased,) " have been left worse than Mrs. Burleigh, who, by their own exertions, have realised fortunes, and that too in a very few years. I think she might convert this cottage and her little annuity into ready money, and thus possess herself of a capital, which would enable her to turn herself in a variety of ways."

This was thought an admirable suggestion, and several of the auditory undertook to show how it might be acted upon.

" She might start in the millinery way, at the west end of the town."

" Or she might open a shop, in a

large way, for the sale of perfumery and small trinkets."—

"Or a circulating library."

"Or," said her Ladyship, "she could take a respectable boarding-house at Brighton, for the exclusive accommodation of the nobility and people of fashion, who go down when the Prince is at the Pavilion."

"Any of these," cousin Broadbent remarked, "would be very respectable."

"Very respectable," answered the whole company, in excellent voice, and in full chorus.

"For," he continued, "in times like these, people must not be too nice."

"But I am afraid," cried her Ladyship, "those we wish to serve are apt to hold their heads a little too high. At least, they did; I do not mean to say that no change has taken place since Mr. Burleigh's death."

"I am inclined," said Mr. Broadbent, "to think your Ladyship's opinion is but

too well founded. Sir James Denville, I understand, offered for the daughter, but she scornfully rejected him, and said she could not think of marrying any one below the rank of a Marquis.

"Yes; and though the father, poor man, did all in his power to incline her to favour the suit of his friend, Sir James, she most pertinaciously adhered to her original resolution."

"So I have heard."

"Now," continued her Ladyship, "if people will stand in their own light, it is not in the power of their friends to prevent it. I am sure I would be the last person in the world to say one word against either mother or daughter, but I cannot help feeling that such conduct, to say the least of it, was very injudicious on the part of Harriet; and Mrs. Burleigh, I think, was quite as bad, to encourage her in it."

"That is my opinion," Mr. Broadbent said.

"And mine."

"And mine," called out several other friends of the family.

"Then there's the son. Lord Burleigh and myself were always grieved that poor Mr. Burleigh should keep him at home, doing nothing, and learning nothing, that was likely to enable him to make a figure in the world: but it was not for us to interfere. Henry may be a very well-disposed youth, but I think young men seldom get much good at home."

"I hope we shall not have a proof of it here," cried Mr. Broadbent; "but I think his unfeeling and indecorous conduct on the night of his father's burial, was not exactly what we might have expected from the son of our excellent friend."

"I heard he was there when the body was carried to the cross-roads, but was told that it was purely accidental, and that he did not know the person to be buried was his own father," said Lady Burleigh.

" Then that makes bad worse — don't let me wrong him, I mean, your Ladyship will understand, that it makes bad worse if he has told such a falsehood. He must have known who it was, for as he was pressing forward, pushing every body out of his way, a person, whom I could name, went up to him and said, 'I think, Mr. Burleigh, you might have kept away;' to which he replied, with an oath, that he would go where he pleased, and he thought it was devilish hard if he might not see his own father popped under the sod."

" That," her Ladyship remarked, " is just what I should have apprehended from the way in which he has been brought up: but I am very sorry to hear it."

All the other friends of the family declared, that " they were also very sorry for it."

And now, having sufficiently calum-

niated the living and the dead; having declared that they would contribute nothing from their own means to relieve those whom they professed themselves anxious to assist; but having benevolently determined how a property, with which they had no concern, should be disposed of, they waited on Mrs. Burleigh, to acquaint her with the result of their deliberations. Grief, for that loss which she knew to be irreparable, made her insensible to all other mortifications, and precluded the possibility of her feeling disappointment on this occasion. She heard them with patience, and briefly replied to them, that the various resources which they had pointed out as the means of improving her circumstances, were such, that she could not avail herself of them; as, from her total ignorance of business, it was impossible to succeed; and that to make the attempt would only be to sacrifice the humble means which

were still hers. To this it was replied, by the friends of the family, "that many in similar circumstances had made the experiment with success; and why should not she do it as well as another? That there might be some risk was true; but what could be done without risk? Something must be tried, and she must exert herself, for she could not expect always to find friends ready to interest themselves in her welfare as they had done."

Weak, friendless, and bowed down to the earth beneath intolerable woe, Mrs. Burleigh felt the reproaches thus insinuated, but replied not. Silence, interrupted by sighs, which struggled to escape from the sad society of a broken heart, did not satisfy her advisers; and they left her with hollow professions of compassion, but really indignant at the little respect paid to their recommendation, and freely condemning her to each

other, as a proud, foolish, and very obstinate woman, who seemed perversely resolved to oppose all the benevolent endeavours of her best friends, to rescue her from distress.

CHAP. XV.

"Oh! for patience!
And yet methinks that patience is a cheat,
That robs us of our will and its effects,
Lulls firm resolves to rest, and steals away
The precious jewel opportunity."

ROCHE.

SIR JAMES DENVILLE had been suddenly called away, when the friends of the late Mr. Burleigh were about to assemble, on business that would admit of no delay. But he took care to make it known, that he would concur with them in any plan that might be devised for the relief of the family; and begged that he might be considered as intending to be a contributor on the largest scale. When he learnt the character of the proceedings which were described in the last chapter,

he expressed warm indignation at the conduct of the whole of the persons present. Instead of repairing in some degree the ruin caused by the death of Mr. Burleigh, they had, in his opinion, only added insult to misery, in recommending the lowly occupations they had pressed on the consideration of the widow. The milliner's shop, the circulating library, and the Brighton boarding-house, he rejected as contemptible expedients; and he did not hesitate to assert, that those who had recommended them to Mrs. Burleigh as respectable, would not have degraded themselves more, by proposing that she should seek a livelihood from a mangle, or a milk-pail.

He, however, counselled them to hope for better things; and had no doubt that it would be their own fault if a brighter day did not soon open upon them; and while holding this language, his most expressive glance fell on Harriet. Though he felt that this was no time for pleading

the passion he had before avowed, the tender anxiety of his manner proved that it still survived; and perhaps the fine features of Miss Burleigh, softened by the profound melancholy in which they were now clothed, had appeared to a common observer, as they certainly did to the Baronet, more irresistible than when irradiated by the smiles which had till now been the appropriate decorations of her countenance. It is delightful to contemplate innocence and cheerfulness enthroned on a beautiful face, but the union of loveliness and sorrow is infinitely more touching; and never had Sir James gazed with such fervent admiration on the brightness of those eyes as now, when their softened rays were seen shining through tears.

In the course of that day, Henry received a formal summons to attend Lord Burleigh on the next morning, at his seat near Guildford. In the present situation of the family, it appeared that his

Lordship was the only person who could essentially serve them. Mr. Burleigh had not been very intimate with Lord Burleigh since he had succeeded to the title and estates which he now enjoyed, and which had formerly belonged to rather a distant relation. That they had not been better acquainted, was perhaps not the fault of his Lordship. He frequently pressed his brother to appear among his guests; but the invitation was always extended to Mrs. Burleigh with an air of concession, which her husband was too affectionate to approve, and too proud to accept. When he did go to Guildford, it was generally alone, and most frequently about the time at which he conceived his Lordship would have least company. He however almost always found more than he could enjoy; and so much parade and heartless splendour, that he never failed to grow impatient for the moment of taking leave. On such occasions, the conduct of his brother, though

externally kind, was not very agreeable to a man of plain and simple habits. The history of entertainments which he had given, embracing the most minute descriptions that ostentation could supply, afforded him little pleasure; the plans of those that were preparing, were not a whit more entertaining. The contempt, or hatred, of which almost all who had been, or who were to be, invited to them were the object, raised a strong sentiment of disapprobation in the mind of Mr. Burleigh, which he took no pains to conceal; and when his Lordship proceeded, as he invariably did, after giving his arrogance full scope, to indulge in the most dolorous lamentation over expenses which were thus unnecessarily incurred, the weary listener turned from the recital with disgust, anxious to withdraw himself from conduct so magnificently mean.

To Henry it appeared desirable to reconcile his mind to the humility of his present lot. The gay hopes which he

had once cherished were no more. These he resigned without a murmur; and wishing and expecting nothing, but what active industry might procure for him, he regretted that the favourable disposition of Lord Burleigh should interpose, to prevent him from returning to his city friends. With them, he had reason to believe that his hours would be usefully and agreeably occupied; and an independent station in life, however humble, had more charms for him, than all the luxury and indolent ease, which he could enjoy under the roof of the most munificent of patrons.

These feelings were not dissipated by the reception he met with on his arrival at Guildford. In his first interview with his uncle, the latter was more careful to preserve his dignity, than to mark his condescension or his affection. One of the first things he told Henry, was, that when he had occasion to mention him,

he was to talk of Lord Burleigh, and not of his uncle.

He replied, —

" I hope, my Lord, I shall always feel proper deference for your Lordship's rank, and evince that I am not forgetful of my own humble station."

" I trust you will, Sir. I have every wish to forward you, and intend shortly speaking to the minister about you. On any particular occasion, when I have persons of rank here, to whom it may not be convenient for you to be introduced, you will of course have no objection to dine alone."

Henry bowed assent.

" You are aware that I and your father often differed about politics. Poor man, he stood in his own light. Had he been ruled by me, I have no doubt that he would have been Attorney General. But it is useless to talk of that now, though I would impress upon you the

necessity of abstaining from taking up opinions like his. They did nothing for him while he lived, and you see what they brought him to at last."

Tears bursting from his eyes at the recollection of the melancholy death of his father, which the foregoing speech revived, with all its original horrors, precluded any attempt at speech by Henry. His Lordship proceeded.

"I do not blame your sorrow, but I flatter myself that you will profit by what I have said, and learn to think more correctly on politics."

"The opinions of so insignificant a person as myself, I am sure, can be of no importance to any one, and whatever they may be, I am not likely to proclaim them, or to urge them in a way calculated to move your Lordship's displeasure."

"I am glad you have so much discretion, and if you regulate your conduct by my advice, you may rest assured,

that I shall not be unmindful of your interest."

His Lordship then, with an air of paternal kindness, which did not previously attach to his deportment, remarked to Henry on the great injury that a youthful mind would sustain from indolence; and that he might not be exposed to so dangerous an evil, he conducted him to a small apartment, in which were two desks, on one of which appeared a mountain of papers. These, he was informed, consisted of accounts given in by the steward, which his Lordship desired to have closely investigated, and a variety of letters and documents, which were to be fairly transcribed, and alphabetically arranged in a book prepared for that purpose.

Pleased to find an occupation provided for him, Henry expressed sincere gratitude for such kindness, and applied himself to his task with great alacrity. His Lordship was engaged that day, and so he

was on the next, and so he was on that which followed, and, in short, Henry found himself regularly excluded from his uncle's society. He experienced a feeling of offended pride at this, for which he reproved himself, and endeavoured to teach his heart that he who has lost fortune, ought to expect to be slighted.

The applause of his uncle would, he trusted, reward the unwearied zeal with which he entered upon the laborious task prepared for him. His assiduity knew no abatement, and he made a rapid progress. But Lord Burleigh was of opinion, that to praise a man who was in his employ, would have the effect of making him think too highly of himself, and consequently incline him to slacken those exertions which improvident applause would proclaim to be out of the common way. The most successful effort never extorted from him a more fervent panegyric than, "It will do," and, though he did not suppose the task that

he had imposed on his nephew, could, by possibility, be executed in less than three months, he expressed surprise at the end of a fortnight, that rather more than half of it remained to be performed. By Lady Burleigh and her daughters, Henry was hardly ever recognised. Once, indeed, the youngest of the ladies spoke to him with an air of affability, but with the lofty deportment of a superior speaking to a servant; and because he presumed to reply, with an air that was not exactly that of an obsequious menial, he was reprimanded by Lord Burleigh, who remarked, "that he had thought him a young man of more sense than to use such freedom with Lady Arabella;" indignantly adding, "that he had cautioned him against regarding himself as a relation; but since he saw Henry despised his counsel, it was almost time to give him up to his own."

It was the supercilious pride which he had to encounter, and not the fa-

tiguing labour imposed on him, unthanked, — unpraised, — unrequited as it was, that, by the termination of the first month, made Henry most heartily disgusted with his situation. He however resolved to endure all with patience, in the hope that the very unkindness of his relations would soon operate his release, by inclining Lord Burleigh to make a decisive effort to provide for him in some way that would remove him to a convenient distance from those whom he was thought to disgrace.

When he saw his mother and his sister, he abstained from giving any description of the treatment he experienced, that the indignities offered to him, might not be felt by them. But however resolute to conceal, he could not reconcile himself to the irksome situation in which he was placed, and he panted with impatience for any change that might emancipate him from his present thral-

dom, and screen him from the scorn of proud relations.

Six weeks had elapsed from the period at which he had the honour of being taken under the patronage of Lord Burleigh, when one morning, his lordship sent for him to his study, received him with a smile, and with an elated tone, informed him that his application for a situation had succeeded so far, that, in another week, he had no doubt of seeing him provided for.

Henry expressed himself grateful for the kind interference of his lordship, hoped he should not disgrace his recommendation, and requested to know in what situation he might expect to be placed.

"Why," replied his lordship, "I have not got you the office of the master of the horse, nor the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster, nor one of the tellerships of the exchequer. We cannot begin at the top of the ladder; but

I have got what will immediately give you something."

"And be it what it may, I shall gratefully accept it."

"Accept it!—Why, you are too condescending! You speak as if you were conferring a favour, instead of being about to receive one.—Accept it, indeed!"

"Your lordship, I hope, will have the goodness to pardon any inaccuracy of expression which may appear against me; and believe me, when I assure you, that it was far from my wish to apply the word 'accept' in the way you suppose, or to use any language but that which might best become humble gratitude."

"Well, it may be so. But you should be more circumspect in your choice of words. Not to keep you in suspense, then, I have reason to think, that, through my influence, you will be appointed to the situation of chief clerk to the secretary of the governor of Sierra Leone."

" I am much beholden to your lordship."

" The salary will not be great at first; but then there are several considerations in favour of the appointment: the first of these is the climate, which is so bad that you may reasonably hope to see your superiors drop off very fast; and of course, when you become acquainted with the affairs of the colony, your prospects must rapidly improve as they die out of your way."

" Is the climate, then, so very fatal?"

" To European constitutions extremely so. It rains, I believe, incessantly from March till October; and I know the officers stationed there think the chance of dying so great, that it is common to play for each other's new regimentals or equipments, in case of death, as it is considered that one of two must certainly lay down his life before such articles can be much the worse for wear. Thus it operates on many; but a stout, healthy

young man like you, can live any where."

"At least, my lord, a young man in my situation must not think much of risking life, in the hope of obtaining an honourable independence."

"Very true.—Now there is one thing against which I think it right to put you on your guard. I have already hinted to you that you must not suffer political feelings to raise you up enemies."

"I hope your lordship is satisfied that I am not likely to offend by controverting the opinions of others, or by anxiety to make proselytes to mine."

"But it is not enough that you abstain from controversy. You must actively support, if called upon to do so, the principles of those with whom you will be placed."

"Even though they should appear to me, to be at variance with truth and justice?"

"Certainly. It is not for you to judge

of the merits of a question you may be called upon to support, any more than it is for the soldier to decide on the wisdom and policy of an expedition, in which he may be required to draw his sword. Where you are going, you will find the principles of your father are not much approved. You must, on no account, defend them, nor *him*, even if he should be personally attacked."

"What! my lord, must I not speak even when my father is calumniated? Must I hear him aspersed and be silent?" enquired Henry with earnestness, and with some degree of impatience.

"When you address me, Sir, I would advise you to adopt another tone. These heroics are not at all suited to my taste, or your condition. Sir, you must not only hear your father's erroneous opinions condemned, but you yourself must occasionally expose their fallacy and his weakness."

"Never!"

"How!"

"Never, my lord, will I so degrade myself, to gain the favour of any created being. My dear revered father had the infirmities of our common nature, and might not be free from error; but it is not for me 'to draw his frailties from their dread abode.'"

"So, Sir, these are your lofty notions, are they? I see you have all the ridiculous pride of your father. Well, well; it will be your misfortune, as it was his. All I can do, is to guard against being disgraced myself by your misconduct. Since you reject the advice I have given you for your good, you must take the consequence. The appointment will be filled up with another name."

"Your lordship,—a father yourself, I presume to hope, cannot, upon reflection, condemn the conduct of a son who will not blacken the memory of a deceased parent, whom he, whatever the rest of the world shall say of him, is

bound to revere, while life and recollection remain."

"Mr. Burleigh," replied his lordship, with most statesman-like coldness, "it is not with your conduct as a son that I have any thing to do; but from a nephew, and a dependent on my bounty, I think I might reasonably expect to hear different language, and to meet with a more submissive and respectful deportment."

"I beg to repeat, my Lord, that nothing was further from my intention than to offer your Lordship disrespect, or to give offence by my words or manner."

"Then I cannot help remarking that you have adopted a very singular mode of conducting yourself, where you have no wish to show disrespect or to give offence. I expect you distinctly to promise that you will, not only not defend your father's politics, but that you will take upon yourself to expose and censure them, if this should be

required. Do you pledge yourself to this?"

"I dare not deceive your Lordship,—I never will give such a pledge."

"Then, Sir, I have only to refer you to the answer which I gave on your first refusal, to put you in possession of my determination with respect to the appointment.

"Is your Lordship's resolution fixed?"

"Irrevocably. Unless you instantly give the required pledge, I shall forward another name to your exclusion."

"Be it so, my Lord, if you have stated the only condition on which mine can be preferred."

"It shall be so. What! I suppose you care nothing about it, so you have the sweet consolation of knowing that you have faithfully adhered to what you are pleased to call your principles. Enjoy them, young man; but take my word for it, you will very soon discover that the solid advantages of a good situ-

ation, are worth something more than all the glory of that virtuous poverty to which you are about to consign yourself. You will not be the first simpleton who, sacrificing his interest in this way at the commencement of his career, has afterwards brought his principles to market somewhat too late."

"I shall neither be the first nor the last my Lord; for such a part I never can act."

"We shall see.—These ideas may do very well at Richmond, or in the City, where I suppose you picked them up; but they can be dispensed with here. Your patriotic friend Mr. Hanson, will enjoy them exceedingly; and to him, after what has just passed, you will do well to carry them without delay."

"I thank your Lordship for your permission to depart, and am sure you are quite right in supposing that the language of honest independence and

of filial duty, will not be offensive to the gentleman you have mentioned."

"Independence, Mr. Burleigh, is a word you seem very fond of; and it certainly has a pretty sound enough when uttered by the possessor of a princely fortune. But it has a dismally ludicrous effect when it is pronounced by poverty. It is magnificent when it comes from the personage who fills the superb chariot; but farcical in the mouth of the menial behind it. Independence, Sir, is a luxury in which the wealthy have a right to indulge, but which the poor have no more claim to, than the beggar has to a coach and six, or the ploughman to wear a star on his smock frock. It only remains for me to bid you farewell. When I next desire to see you, I shall not think much of the trouble of sending for you."

Having finished his sarcasm, he stalked off with appropriate pomp, not a little

rejoiced, that he had found what appeared to him a fair opportunity for shaking off a needy dependant. Henry lost no time in taking his departure; and felt little regret at leaving the superb mansion in which he had met with nothing but meanness, and persecuting scorn, to seek the hospitable roof of Mr. Hanson.

CHAP. XVI.

" In groundless hope and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom."

DR. JOHNSON.

HENRY had felt considerably affected by the apparent distress of the Common-councilman at the idea of losing the agreeable society, and beneficial assistance of young Mr. Burleigh, or of his "dear young friend," as he most frequently called him. Could he have refused the proferred kindness of his uncle without giving offence, without appearing insensible to kindness, and deficient in gratitude, he would certainly in the first instance have preferred returning to the city, to going to Guildford. It

was a relief to him to find that without taking any step for which he could with justice be reproached, he was now at liberty to rejoin the worthy Deputy.

The day after that, on which he had his last interview with Lord Burleigh, he presented himself before Mr. Hanson, and in few words described what had taken place, — his present situation, and his fixed determination to avail himself of the kind invitation he had formerly received from him.

But Henry remembered not the lesson taught by the wisest of men, that, "there is a season for all things," or he would not so hastily have concluded, that that which was eagerly courted at one period, must of necessity be agreeable at another. The invitation, which the calculating citizen had given to the rich Mr. Burleigh, or to the Mr. Burleigh, who might be expected to become rich, he had not intended for the destitute and

friendless being who now stood before him; and that the latter should presume to come, on an invitation given to the former, seemed to him as great a piece of assurance, as if the servant of one of his friends had attended to dine with him, on a request for the honour of his master's company.

Mr. Hanson perceived in a moment, that the expectations he had entertained, were not justified by the result, and in consequence, felt exceedingly anxious to get rid of the guest, whose company he had so eagerly coveted before. How to accomplish this, occupied half his attention, while he appeared to listen to the statement of Henry. That terminated, still the Deputy was undecided how to act. To gain further time for reflection, he now employed his time in picking his teeth; and while thus engaged, let out a few words of little or no meaning, that might be uttered off hand, without sub-

jecting the speaker to the inconvenience of thinking.

"Why — certainly you — were very — very much in the right — but at the same time — I — am sorry — that — you quarrelled with his lordship. The — the countenance of — a man of his rank — is — is of great importance — of great importance to a young man entering into life."

"But, purchased by the deep degradation, which he would have made its price, it would have been worse than useless."

"That is true," said the Deputy, returning his toothpick to his pocket. "I approve very highly of your sentiments; I think them excellent; they are mine to a tittle. However, I am sorry — understand me — on your account, that you should have parted from your uncle in anger. I am very glad to see you; but it's unlucky your coming just now, because — because ——"

Here Mr. Hanson stammered for a civil apology, for shutting his door in Henry's face. None exactly fitted to the occasion presented itself, and he wanted resolution, to utter without disguise, the truth, — "that, being poor, his friendship was no longer desired, and he would rather that he should go any where else, than come there to reside with him." He closed his speech, by saying, that "it was unlucky that Mr. Burleigh had come just then, as he and his lady were particularly engaged to go to a party that evening, to which he assumed, as a matter of course, his visitor would not choose to be introduced so soon after his father's death."

Henry, never doubting the sincerity of the Deputy, approved of the sensibility which he supposed to have dictated this speech, and replied with thankfulness, by begging of Mr. Hanson not to give it a thought, as he could amuse himself with a book in their absence.

"Or if you like that better," said the Common-councilman, "you can pass an hour or two in the counting-house. There are a few entries to be made, and some accounts that have not been looked over."

Anxious to make himself useful, Henry eagerly gave this last suggested mode of spending his evening the preference over every other. In the counting-house he accordingly took his seat, and the Deputy, with his family, shortly after went out for the evening, without thinking it necessary to take any further notice of Mr. Burleigh.

The papers to which Henry's attention were directed, he found in great disorder. This could only be accounted for by the absence of Pierrepoint, who was then on a journey. He was expected shortly to return, and the parsimony of Mr. Hanson was too great to call in any additional assistance, when it could by possibility be avoided. Arranging

the documents, and producing something like order from the chaos spread before him, Henry was equally surprised and pleased, when the clock struck twelve, to find how rapidly the hours had fled, while his mind was fully occupied. "What an exquisite game," thought he, "would that be considered, which could accelerate the march of time as business does!"

The Hansons now returned, and Henry was coldly saluted by the ladies. He imputed this to a depression of spirits, proceeding from the recollection of the catastrophe, which had occurred since he parted from them at Sutton. A very sparing repast was set before him, and a languid conversation, interrupted by frequent pauses, filled up the half-hour which succeeded, at the expiration of which all prepared to retire.

"As I mentioned to you before," said Mr. Hanson, "you have arrived at a very unlucky time. Not expecting you, we

have filled your old chamber, so that there's no getting into it."

"Lord, my dear!" said Mrs. Hanson, "what signifies telling all this. Mr. Burleigh will excuse our making up a bed for him in the attic."

"It is perfectly indifferent to me," Henry replied, addressing himself to Mrs. Hanson, "where I sleep."

"I thought so," cried the lady, ringing the bell, and directing the servant who answered it, to "bring Mr. Burleigh's candle."

The servant soon obeyed the order; and Henry taking up the candlestick, rose to leave the room, first turning with outstretched hand towards the Deputy, for that cordial shake, without which they had never before separated for a night. Mr. Hanson, just at that moment, perceived that his cravat was not properly adjusted, and looking in the glass to tie it better, though in a few minutes it was to be taken off, affected not to see the

movement made by Henry. He, however, perceived that he was about to repair to bed, and called out:

"Good night, my boy — good night — pleasant dreams to you — good night."

He uttered these words without turning his head, and in a hurried manner, with something like an air of pleasantry, but without any of that cordiality to which Henry had been accustomed.

"Good night, Mr. Burleigh," said Mrs. Hanson.

"Good night, Sir," said Alexandrina.

There was a chilling coldness of manner about them which he could not but notice, and for which the consideration which he had at first admitted as its apology, seemed insufficient to account; and the eyes of all the speakers were averted, both while addressing him, and while he was replying to their common-place civilities.

He was now conducted to his bedchamber, which bore little resemblance

to the splendid apartment in which he had before reposed. His bed was spread, in a garret, on a half-tester bedstead, the head of which from the lowness of the ceiling it was impossible to put up, and consequently it was without curtains. A piece of floor-cloth lay on one side of it, and a slip of ragged old carpeting on the other. A small press, on which some of the portmanteaus which had accompanied them to Brighton had been piled out of the way, stood near the door. The head of the bedstead, which it has already been stated was useless here, rested in one corner, and a single chair in another completed the furniture of the room.

From the centre of the apartment, the only part, by-the-bye, in which he could stand upright, from the inclination of its walls, Henry gazed in silent astonishment at the accommodation provided for him. The contrast between the low, patch-work-quilted bed made up for him in a garret, and the superbly decorated

couch, to which he had formerly been conducted beneath the same roof, was too striking not to be intelligible to him, inexperienced and unsuspicious as he was from his youth and nature. He could no longer doubt that he was not that interesting personage, in the view of the Hansons, which he had formerly appeared, while he was regarded as the favourite of the great, and the heir of fortune.

These ideas, which pressed upon him on the first night of his return, were not dispelled by the treatment which he experienced in the days that succeeded. He found the Hansons guarded against a renewal of their former intimacy, and even anxious to obliterate the recollection of it. The Deputy pretended to be in an incessant bustle, so that he had no time to speak of any thing but business; and Mrs. Hanson and Alexandrina were so much engaged abroad, that, as it did not occur to them to ask Mr. Burleigh to accompany them out, they could find no

leisure to speak to him at home. Henry perceived that they wished to avoid him, and in consequence, it became his constant study to shun them. It was painful to find himself an object of displeasure, where he had once been so extravagantly caressed; and he sometimes resolved to leave the citizen: but when he reflected on the triumph this would afford to Lord Burleigh, he determined still to endure, and endeavoured to persuade himself, that the evils which he so severely felt were those which he ought to expect, and for which he should have prepared himself, in this his sad reverse of fortune.

Unpleasant as was his present situation, there was a prospect of its being made still more irksome. As yet, he had not seen Pierrepoint, but he was expected speedily to return; and when that sullen churl should see him in his humiliation, he had little doubt that his unsocial temper and rude tongue, would exult over that change in his condition, which it was impossible

to conceal; and he expected the jealousy apparently inspired by his presence at a former period, would now break out in taunts and sarcasms, which it would be equally impossible to escape, or to endure.

The events which we most dread, are not always those which bring most sorrow. Pierrepoint returned. Every other person in the house was changed, and he was changed also. Instead of that proud unbending deportment, which at every turn seemed ready, and almost eager to engage in stern altercation with the intruder, the proud and wealthy Burleigh, his conduct was marked by the most conciliating mildness, and the most active exertions, to relieve the neglected Henry from embarrassment and fatigue. He endeavoured to soothe the troubled spirit of his colleague, and mourned with tears the premature death of his father. To Henry he was in every thing the reverse of what he had formerly been; but towards the Deputy and

his lady he was the same; and the disparaging remarks which the former would sometimes freely make on Henry, or on what he had done, Pierrepoint was ever ready to repel with a degree of fiery indignation, that equally surprised the objects of his attack and defence.

The unwearied kindness of Pierrepoint was not lost on Henry. It won his gratitude and demanded his friendship. Yet his conduct was a riddle to which he could not find the solution. Formerly he had made courteous advances which were disregarded, though he was then in a situation that rendered it impossible to suppose that they sprung from interested motives. Now though he had at first been reserved and distant, he found Pierrepoint all attention and kindness. He was not aware that at any time his conduct justified the displeasure which he had once remarked, nor could he discover any thing that gave him a claim to the extraordinary tenderness and respect with

which, when every other eye looked coldly on him, he found himself treated by Pierrepoint.

This singularity induced him, as their intimacy increased, to utter the remark which occurred to him on this subject; and he could not refrain from enquiring the cause of a change, which was to him the source of surprise and pleasure. Pierrepoint replied,

"I cannot defend my former conduct. It partly grew out of the vulgar prejudices of a man of humble, or as the proud would call it, of no birth. I knew that you were rich, and supposed from seeing you on friendly terms with the Hansons, that you must be haughty. You praised the Deputy and his speeches; this seemed to me to prove meanness and falsehood; for I forgot that you did not know the man and were not aware, as I was, that while eternally talking of the necessity of doing something to relieve the unfortunate and to secure the rights

and liberties of all classes of Englishmen, this patriot to the humble beings dependent on him, was a most insulting, tyrannical, and merciless despot."

"Though harshly expressed, this character of Mr. Hanson does not appear so unjust to me now, as I should not have scrupled to pronounce it at one period."

"Trust me, you will find him a pompous, selfish, heartless wretch. I was so injudicious as to identify you in some measure with him. It did not occur to me that your inexperience, and indeed the generosity of your own character, might preclude you from seeing through his duplicity. I supposed that you came there to display the pride of birth and the insolence of wealth, and not even your unassuming deportment could eradicate the thought."

"And what afterwards induced you to change your opinion so suddenly?"

"The sudden, the mournful change in your circumstances. I had last seen

you caressed by those I despised, and viewed you as the associate of their choice. When I returned I saw you their victim, and in my estimation, you became illustrious as the object of their contempt. I beheld you rudely shunned in distress, by those who had meanly courted you in affluence. You languished

'Under hard unkindness' altered eye,'

and it became my duty to atone, as far as might be, for the wrong I had formerly done you, by teaching you to scorn as I do, the littleness of upstart arrogance; and by repelling those insults, which, presuming on your misfortunes, the Hansons had dared to offer."

"Generous Pierrepoint!"

"Nonsense! Generosity is out of the question, and I am not sure that meanness may not fairly be charged on my conduct. I make your wrongs an excuse for fighting my own battles. What you see in me is merely the plebeian spirit, rising in insolent rebellion against do-

mineering wealth. I find you reduced by poverty to something like my own level, and your cause becomes mine. Much do I fear that I have no better spring of action. I have wished to subdue the sullen disposition, which I feel growing on the wrongs that I have endured from the patriotic Deputy. More of this hereafter. But what business have I to complain of rough usage on the road of life. I am an intruder on the world. I came unbidden, and I have no right to expect mankind should make me welcome."

"I do not understand you."

"I suppose not. I hardly understand myself. The offspring of shame, as I believe myself to be, ought not to complain if he finds himself rather harshly dealt with. Some are reproached with having never known their grandsire. I am not sure that I know who was my father. When I first awoke to consciousness and reflection, I found myself in a workhouse. Thence I was suddenly transplanted to a respectable

seminary, and attired in the dress of a young gentleman. A cunning, low, profligate old fellow, whom I suspect to have committed the sin of bringing me into existence, though I am not called by his name, has at times left me destitute, and at others supplied my wants with such a lavish hand, that I have been enabled to degrade myself by the most fashionable extravagance, and almost to persuade myself that I should some day or other turn out to be no common personage. This vain day-dream I only mention, to laugh at its absurdity. From the manner in which I have been treated, I cannot well doubt that I am the natural son of the man I have mentioned. Some sudden change in his circumstances snatched me from the workhouse, and his dissipated habits account for the occasional—I may say the habitual neglect, which has since occurred."

In the course of subsequent conversations, it appeared that but for the negligence of the old man who now seemed

to have deserted him altogether, Pierrepoint would have been the partner, instead of the agent of Mr. Hanson. An agreement had been entered into, by which it was provided, that in consideration of the sum of two thousand pounds paid down, Pierrepoint, after a given period of servitude, should be entitled to a share in the concern. The time had expired; but Mr. Hanson, relying on the low state of Pierrepoint's finances, and the absence of his supposed father, who held the agreement, refused to execute its conditions.

The increasing friendship of Burleigh and Pierrepoint did not at all tend to conciliate the Deputy and his lady. Henry directed his attention to business, and gave to it the whole of his time, in the hope that under the instruction of his friend, he should ere long be of too much importance to his employer, to heed that contumely which now occasionally stung him to the quick.

It was only at the end of the week

that he could visit his mother and sister. He left the counting-house on the afternoon of Saturday, to return on Monday morning. He invited Pierrepoint repeatedly to accompany him; but this the latter constantly refused to do. He, however, commonly rode or walked with him part of the way, but excused himself when within a mile or two of Mrs. Burleigh's retreat, and turned off in another direction. Henry saw him go with reluctance; but his most earnest solicitations were of no avail. Pierrepoint resolutely declined the invitation. He could not pretend that he had any previous engagement; but he expressed himself determined not to invade the sanctuary of sorrow.

"But my mother and sister are most anxious to see you," said Henry one day, detaining him almost by force as he was about to turn away on perceiving that he was nearly within sight of the cottage.

"You must excuse me," he replied;

" I had rather not intrude on them at present."

" They will be most happy to meet you, and I am desirous of introducing you to them. If for nothing else, you must go on to see my sister."

" No, no. I must not see your sister!" he exclaimed.

Henry was surprised at the emphasis with which these words were uttered, but had no time to speak, before Mrs. Burleigh and Harriet, who perceiving them at a distance, had advanced to meet them, came unexpectedly close upon the two friends, and fairly cut off the retreat of Pierrepoint. He started with an emotion which Henry had never witnessed before. The expression of his countenance told, that Miss Burleigh and he did not now meet for the first time. He seemed abashed, and was silent.

Not so was Harriet. The timid diffidence which ever till now had marked her deportment, was in an instant no

more; and hastily advancing to the friend of her brother, she eagerly grasped his hand in hers, exclaiming, "My preserver! My brave preserver!"

With equal astonishment and pleasure did Henry and his mother learn that it was to Pierrepoint that Harriet owed that timely rescue, which has been recorded — that it was he who had performed the gallant action, which he had endeavoured at Brighton to prove a common-place exertion, and for speaking lightly of which, he had been so harshly censured. It was a moment of delight to all but Pierrepoint; and the first which they had known since the decease of Mr. Burleigh.

They would not suffer him to leave them; and he consented to be their guest on one condition, — that they should make known to no human being, (without his knowledge and consent,) the discovery of that hour. Henry wished to stipulate an exception in favour of Sir James Denville and a few particular

friends; but to this Pierrepoint would not agree; and the pledge which he peremptorily claimed was reluctantly given. He then accompanied them to the cottage.

"Why," said Henry when they found themselves alone, "intimate as we have lately been, did you not tell me that you had seen my sister?"

"Because, seeing her once I could not but love, and I wished not to look again on a being, who could inspire such emotion in my bosom, but whom I might never possess."

"At no time," said Henry, "would a suitor of your character have been thought meanly of in our family. Now, unhappily, there is no longer the shadow of an advantage on the side of my sister."

"Say no more," Pierrepoint replied; "I did not expect to hear a violation of truth from you. No, no; it must not be. It is not for so obscure, — so mean

a being as I am, to lift up his unworthy eyes to that heaven of beauty."

He was much agitated; and that instant, what Henry had before observed and suspected of Pierrepoint and Alexandrina, flashed over his mind.

"By all that is sacred," Pierrepoint continued, "I would not suffer such a sacrifice to be made. I trust Miss Burleigh's destiny will be as exalted as her charms are transcendant, and feel assured that a resplendent day of joy will yet succeed to this awful night of sorrow."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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